Class PS3505
Book .O24T7
Copyright No. 1924

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.

TRUE STORIES

Attractive, Dramatic, Amusing
and Moral Aspect

BY

JOSEPH COHN

YONKERS, N. Y.

201
1945

TRUE STORIES

Attractive, Dramatic, Amusing and Moral Aspect

BY

JOSEPH COHN

YONKERS, N. Y.

COPYRIGHT 1924
WASHINGTON, D. C.

PRINTED BY GAZETTE PRESS, YONKERS, N. Y.

FS 3505
.O246T7
1924

©CIA776983

FEB 28 1924

CONTENTS

	PAGE
Voice of Conscience	1
Reward for Benefaction	9
The Goldsmith	19
A Soul's Destiny	50
Jokai Maurus	59
The Little Chajim at the Melamed	63
Love	80
Supplement	81

VOICE OF CONSCIENCE

When conscience knocks the heart
Life is exposed to depart;
When almost desperate
Then remorse comes too late.

Again the wife of the attorney made noise in the room. Her shouting was heard in the next room by the attorney, Dr. Franz Shroeder who was walking back and forth. His lips closed and a smoking pipe in his hand.

She scolded the little Hans, because he spilled the coffee, her voice yelling at a whoop of her voice.

The attorney became enraged more and more. His indignation showed itself by red spots on his pale cheeks. Suddenly he opened the door and called, "But child, think of it! The people are standing in the street. Be quiet! so the attorney spoke to her in a soft voice.

Agatha Shroeder, the wife of the attorney, who in her ornamented, red princess dress looked like a wounded lion, turned about, her eyes sparkling with anger, her body trembling with excitement, she answered in a loud voice, "This too, only you are wanting here! In your eyes the boy is always right, every stranger even a begger has more right in your eyes then your own wife. Go, go, lest I become violent."

A deep sigh wrested itself from the lips of the attorney as he again closed the door behind himself and returned into his parlor.

"Oh this wife is always striving and scolding and does not consider the opinions of the neighbors," the attorney murmured quietly.

Dr. Shroeder opened a book, he wanted to work, still the afflicted thoughts were stronger then the power of work. The letters in the book began to jump up and down, hither and thither. The book should have brought a respire to his restless soul. No, it was impossible to dive into earnest

work at such a time. Cursed books damned education! Why had he not become a locksmith, a shoemaker or a tailor? These people are going after their business and at least need not think; why had he become an attorney and a thinker and let himself be afflicted by his lack of will? Why had he become an attorney in order to be fettered to his wife all the time? Was he compelled? No! He must go away from this misery. This would not do any longer lest he go crazy. He was not far from it at this time. He sighed—sighed again.

It had been and still was his duty to play this sad roll further and carry further the heavy yoke, his sad sentiment forced him to endure the yoke still longer.

Now he knew it, that the little poisonous drops trickling from Amor's arrow darken even the clearest eyes so that they see things which never exist, it warms itself on the reflection of its own flames and imagins that it be the radiated fire of the eye of the sweetheart.

Agatha Shroeder was a beauty, an immaculate beauty. Black eyes, a greek nose adorned the regularly formed profile. When she opened her mouth one could see two rows of white pearly teeth, the round neck the junonic figure and the raven black hair made Agatha a woman of a dazzling beauty. But all the appearance were quite and cool, careless, lifeless. A cool imposing beauty, selfish, her only desire was to stir admiration because this, to be admired, she preferred above all, for she was of the self conceited class. Yea, how many children fell a victim to madness of love! At the coffin of her mother, as she stood lonesome and foresaken, the private lecturer at a University and assistant at the criminal Seminary, who although trained the rigorous could not support himself, bid her his hand for life. As the tears rolled down her pale countenance, the tender hearted man admitted to her his love, and she fell gratefully upon his neck, asseverated an inclination, which signified nothing more than to be freed from an unsure future. Her mother,

the widow of an officer who lived on a small pension, left no valuables, and Agatha who had only passed her first buds, was only glad to follow and become his wife, for he offered her a comfortable home.

Feish Kohn hung the position of lecturer and the faith of his parents on the nail, the faith which had broken fidelity in his heart long ago, in order to be able to marry his wife and be called Dr. Franz Shroeder. But was it love? No, it was compassion. He would not have ceased to love her, if she would have remained to him, as what she seemed to him to be at the coffin of her mother, a weeping, pitiable helpless being, a wife full of heart and courage. But at that time she was only redeemed from her milieu; she had concealed the longing of which she was caught. Once the well cared for woman, she fell back into her old humor, into her old faults.

Agatha was even a harsh, fearless soul full of masculine energy who was lacking the charm of appearance and tender womanhood, in spite of that she was not a charmless creature. He could have gone to her, tell her, let me go, go in peace from where I came, perhaps we will be happier. Happy! To the superficial observer they appeared to be happy, for he endured all her tempers, fulfilled her every wish and this his kindness and goodness, as well as her gladly temper after fulfilled wishes, betrayed the people. It is true, she grumbled, scolded about all things, but scolding, grumbling and quarrelings is a matter of nature in life, which belongs to many women. He desired to leave his profession to his child and himself flee, but he lacked the power of doing it. Again pains began always to take hold of him whereby his soul seemed to perish. He wished to go, but he was not able, for he was too much bound to his child and to his profession. Should he bring this catastrophe to pass by force? And would he carry through, the divorce, what then? He was a man of aesthetic sense and his heart and spirit, his upright nature, were striving against

this unhappy divorce. And what should become of little Hans, of the child to whom every nerve of his heart clung? And Rose, should he forsake? Rose, the companion of his strivings, the companion in his active work for human love, the pretty human being. He could not spin this thought any further for it suddenly was knocking on the door. "It is Rose! and ran joyfully to meet her.

Rose Herz was a girl of middle height with chestnut brown hair, her brown eyes looked so kind therein that at her looks ones heart was caused to become warm, her pale face was formed so tender and noble, yea the whole human showed that the qualities of her body agreed with her noble spirit in harmony, in this beautiful human body lives also a noble soul. Rose was the advisor of the attorney, she alone could read his heart, she helped and protected his clients, he explained her every law suit, bespoke with her all educational studies. Whosoever saw them both how they looked each other into the eyes with delight; how each other hung to the lips, he must have recognized that in these hearts was burning the glow of hot love and even if the mouth did not dare to express, the hearts have found themselves, the souls were melted together.

Rose noticed it that the attorney will have this day a bad time and she looked him so warm-hearted into his eyes that the dark folds of his forehead disappeared. Now he was indeed pretty, the tall wide-shouldered Franz, with the blond beard, his tender blue eyes did not look so dark as before. Sunken in confidential chattering, they sat opposite each other bespeaking things soon indifferent until it began to be dark gradually.

Dr. Franz Shroeder was alone again and sorrowing thoughts overpowered him. The thought about his wife, who troubled his life, would not turn out from his spirit, it sat in his soul like a thorn. He wanted to read, to work, in order to get rid of it, but impossible. Restless he stepped up and down. Finally he sat quiet but it was still worse.

Trembling for cold, chattering with his teeth he sat in cold room, all his nerves were stirred so that it went through his heart and caused him to forget the freezing. But as much as he thought about his condition, there was no escape, there was no way to come out from this chaos of struggle and bitterness.

And then came in the quiet, endless, dark and black night. His wife who scolded the whole day long, occupied with things in the house, was tired and snored right after she went to bed. And he lay in bed, the hands folded upon the breast and so he lay hour by hour. The sleep as a redeemer did not want to sneak into his soul. But also the horrible night must give way the gruesome day.

It was a cold morning, the rain fell in streams. On this very day Franz had a twofold task to finish, first to help along those on whom judgment was passed. His own yoke influenced him more to care for the sorrowing and distress of others. He was the saving Angel of those who were disinherited of their fortunes. The one he helped to his rights, to another he gave his advice, to a third he dropped a comforting word like dew into the sorrowing hearts. On the same day he defended a poor Jew, who was sentenced for begging, with such zealous spirit so that even the judge got stirred.

In the morning while he was going home the well known physician, Dr. Willhelm Winter joined him. Dr. Winter was a young man much occupied, who was in love with Rose Herz over his ears. But his love suit did not find sound in her. Now he took the opportunity and begged the attorney to mediate between him and the girl, though he knew that Rose hung to Franz in deep admiration. At first the attorney became blood red, then pale like a dead, finally he gave the Doctor his promise to fulfill his wish.

In the afternoon Rose entered the office of Dr. Schroeder as usual. On the same day Rose was able to remove the dark shadow from the forehead of the attorney she kept

quiet. Finally Franz broke the silence. "Rose, today I will speak to you instead of Dr. Winter, he offers you heart and hand for life." "No, never will I be his", shouted Rose; whereby her countenance became pale. "I can not— I shall never be able to love him—my heart—my poor heart is not;—

Dr. Shroeder's peace of mind has vanished, the subdued feelings broke forth with elementary force. Now he must express what tormented him for a long time. The passion which stirred his innermost broke forth and with trembling lips Franz began to speak: "I know that you love me and I love you with every nerve of my heart and soul. I love you more than everything in this world; you know this. Oh why did I deny only my tribe and descend, denied by oath the faith of my parents, in order to lift my eyes on a woman, on a strange woman who remained strange to my heart and spirit!" My wife has deceived me with her love for me, I hate her. Why has not met me such noble co-religionist like you before, dear Rose? Or did I not wish to meet her?

Rose only in your love can I find happiness in life, yet it is impossible. If I could be at your side even though a short while in love and happiness I would sacrifice my life, for know it, that you are my only, my first and my last love, still this is closed for me for ever; never dare I call you mine, therefore I would like to see you at the side of an honest man, who loves you and admires you, to be happy; only in your happiness could I find comfort and repose." A sweet shiver, which she felt never before flew through her body. Indeed she presumed this confession, for his eyes have admitted it to her long before, but now she felt his woes unexpressably and sobbing aloud she sank into the loving man's arms, who covered her countenance with fiery kisses. "Franz, dearest man, never will my holy love be profaned;" spoke Rose, meanwhile she freed herself from his arms, then she forsook the attorney in full quietness and in full sadness of her heart.

Franz remained alone with his unhappiness; alone with

his pain. He suffered hard under the confession which streamed out in a moment of passion against his own will of his heart and slipped from his lips.

Feish—Feish, what hast thou done, thou hast kept Rose embraced in your arms, hast kissed her, as wouldst thou wish to drink her soul and hast poisoned the soul of the innocent child! Why didst thou cast away yourself, fettered yourself to a strange woman, who never understood your good Jewish heart, she who followed thee cool and heartless because you have pulled her out from her misery.

Was it the old, pious mother, whom Franz called her by her former name? No! The voice of conscience was awakened and would not rest any more. The night sank always deeper down and became darker in Franz's soul. He could not abide home, he ran into the near woods and was met by a strong rain. Away, away out of this house of misery, away from a house where even the things in the house fortold him misfortune.

Like a mad man he ran hither and thither in the woods by the showery weather. The wind whipped the rain into his face. The yellow clay covered his shoes so that he was not able to move.

His sense vanished, he became restless. Even here in his loneliness he was chased and driven furiously.

Oh, this wife—this wife, only she is his misfortune, his life is gone. With the richest gift of his spirit was he qualified, he would have been able to reach greatness, yet the fetters were too heavy laid on him. His wings were broken, the strivings for higher things have become impossible for him.

Oh! this wife—this wife! How great could he have been if he would not known her and only for her sake has he cut the strongest bonds, denied the holiest. No, he was not able to live any longer.

"Feish—Feish! Do you call me dear mother?" so he cried in the woods. "Thy mother, thou poor deceived

Feish, she has died of grief long ago, the storm is it, which howels so grieviously, because of this crime.

His guilt pressed him his heart and robbed him his senses.

Meanwhile he arrived near the stream. Death in the waves! He did not shiver for the death in the ice cold waves of the stream. The few seconds of physical struggle of death will soon be over, had he not struggle of death in his soul behind himself which was still worse than this? He knocked on his breast with repentence, prayed in silence it was his confession of sins that he denied his God.

"Feish, Feish, now nothing disappoint me any more! Mother you call! I am coming!"

He lifted up his hands; one cry sounded from his lips, a yell of wild nature and then he sank down into the floods to everlasting—everlasting sleep.

Two days after, Franz Shroeder was pulled out from the stream and was lowered into his grave.

The pretty widow with her mourning veil was furious, she desired to throw herself into the open grave. The voice of conscience was also awakened in her!

In a corner of the cemetery stood a girl, no benefective tear alleviated her gruesome pains, now she knew, where she too, will once find redemption from her horrible woes.

9

REWARD FOR BENEFACTION

Cast thy bread into the sea
Some day it comes back to thee.

Raab is a commercial city in Hungary, situated at the foot of the river Danube, known for its export of grain, wool and other merchandise. A distance of 25 miles from Raab, is a village in which a Jewish merchant by the name of Joseph Graubart lived, who had a son named Samuel, who graduated from Public School, and after graduation, his father brought him to the city of Raab to enter the gymnasium.

Samuel made acquaintance with a boy named Simor, a modest, diligent and smart boy, whose father was a poor shepherd and of Catholic faith. Samuel was sufficiently provided for, whereas his collegue, Simor lived in dire need. One day Samuel said to Simor: "My dear collegue, it is because I love you with brotherly love, that I can't see you living in distress, since your parents are unable to assist you. Naturally, the consequences will be that you will have to discontinue your school studies. I receive from my father 100 gulden per month, one quarter of which I will give you monthly. Now here, take this 25 guldens as the first share of my allowance and I will continue to share with you as long as we are together in this school."

Upon this, Simor said, "I am glad that I find in you such a noble benefactor. Nevertheless, there may come a time when I will be able to repay you all this."

"No," replied Samuel, "I expect no reward, but I will be delighted to see you reach your goal. This will be sufficient reward to me."

And so did Samuel assist Simor for eight years long until both graduated from the gymnasium. Simor entered the Seminary College to prepare himself for the Priesthood, but Samuel, instead of entering a law college in Vienna as he intended to, was taken home by his father to practice business, and be the sole heir to the latter's fortune. And as

it was that Samuel had to frequently attend to some business transaction in that city, Raab, and as many times as he came to that city, his first business was to go into the college to see his former schoolmate, Simor. Samuel always left him 50 or 100 gulden, and did so for five long years, until Simor received his diploma as Priest.

One day when Samuel came to see Simor and gave him the usual assistance, the latter refused to take any and said, "My dear Samuel, I will take no more assistance from you, because I am no longer in need of it—for right after I got my diploma I obtained a position with good salary. I thank you very much, and may God bless you, my dear, dear Samuel. I wrote it down in my note book."

Each kissed the other heartily and Samuel departed. This meeting was their last one. Samuel, trading in every line of business, became a commercial expert and was well known in Vienna, Paris and London. He was also on the stock exchange and was a well-know figure.

One day Samuel was sitting at a table in the Prater (a park in Vienna) together with his comrades drinking beer. At the next table was sitting a girl together with her father and brother. At the first glance she attracted the attention of Samuel and because of her charm he soon fell in love with her.

As it was his first experience he wished to become acquainted with her, but had no one to introduce him. He contrived the following, saying to one of his comrades: "Please do me a favor; drop my gloves together with a thousand gulden bill near the girl's feet, so that when she notices it she will pick it up and ask who has dropped it, and this will surely start a conversation." His comrade did what was bidden, and indeed it worked well, for when she noticed the gloves and the thousand gulden bill she soon picked it up and asked Samuel whether it belonged to him or to his comrades. All denied the ownership of the things.

"Well," said the girl, "if there is no ownership for the

money, I will ask you gentlemen to advise what should be done with it."

Samuel replied, "That the finder should keep it until the owner is found."

"Brava, brava," all shouted and clasped their hands.

"And if no one should demand it?" asked the girl.

"Then keep it and devote it as a dowry to him who will admire and love you the most," retorted Samuel.

At the remark the girl blushed, her smile which was the sweetest of all the female sex he had ever met, penetrated his heart and a new affection arose in his mind. They then took a walk in the park and Samuel had the chance to be at the side of the girl.

"May I ask your name?" started Samuel.

"My name is Rose," answered the girl.

"Do you live in this city?" inquired Samuel.

"No, we live in Graz and my father is superintendent of a flour mill owned by Baron Popper. Two years ago I lost my mother. We came to this city looking for a suitable position as a bookkpeer, I having graduated last season from a business college," remarked Rose.

"Very well," said Samuel. "I am in need of a skilled bookkeeper. Would you take the position? I will pay you 25,000 gulden salary a year."

"Sir, you are joking. Why, the highest salary a bookkeeper draws is 5,000 gulden and I am only a beginner. I can hardly understand this," replied Rose.

"Do you speak French?" interrupted Samuel, "and if so, let us speak French, so that our companions will not understand our conversation, for I will have to reveal something to you which may surprise you."

"Yes, fluently," replied Rose.

Meanwhile their companions went ahead and Samuel with Rose turned in a side road into the park and sat down on a bench under a shadowy tree. Samuel took out of his pocket a package of bills, yea, thousands of gulden bills.

He started to count them. There were 99 thousand gulden bills. "You see," started Samuel, "the thousand gulden bill which you found is one of this package and I will add to your one bill these 99 bills and you shall possess them all if you include me as your possession. Rose, dear, do you know that this is my first love? Your charm fascinated me from the first moment I saw you and without you I never would be happy. I have chosen you to become my everlasting consort. I am sure if you will permit me to press my lips to yours, that our hearts will soon be bound together."

Meanwhile he pressed the package of bills into her hands and his lips to hers. It lasted a few moments and her mind was turned into a glowing love for him, when she exclaimed, "Oh, dear, I am yours and you are mine forever."

They hastened to find her father and brother. When she had found them she said to her father, "I am engaged to this gentleman as bookkeeper with a salary of 5000 gulden yearly, and I must go right along with him."

Samuel and the girl were married as soon as they arrived at his estate. They lived as the happiest of couples could and from this matrimony sprung up three children, two sons and one daughter.

And so as usually happens that after sunshine comes darkness, the same with human beings that after happiness comes sorrow. Samuel speculated too much on the stock exchange and lost all his fortune, so that he bacame so poor that many a time there was not even a crust of bread in the house. This misfortune drove the man to his early death. After his death the youngest son and daughter found employment in Vienna and the oldest son remained in the village, was married and had children, but was in poor circumstances.

Gran is a city at the foot of the Danube and is only a few stations from the city of Raab we mentioned and is known for its remarkable seat of the highest dignitary of the Catholic Church. It is the residence and seat of the Primas. This

title of Primas is a special privilege to the Hungaran nation. The Romans allowed them to choose a head over all dignitaries, so that in his capacity he had as much power over Christianity in that country as the Pope in Rome and is called Primas, Duke, Cardinal, Bishop. The estate and all wealth belonging to the church of the Primas is estimated at six hundred million gulden.

Simor, the colleague of Samuel, got promoted from common priest to be professor at the same college where he graduated. Afterwards he was recommended to Kaiser Francis Joseph as his house teacher. From there he was promoted to Bishophood, then Cardinal and at last to the highest rank and dignity as Primas.

Six months after his inauguration at the domicile in Gran he settled all his affairs and took a rest. One day while sitting in his arm chair holding his diary in his hand reading of all his past life, he found a page on which was written all the benefaction done him by the Jewish student, Samuel Graubart.

Here he stopped and said to himself, "Oh, it is about time I should repay all benefactions to that noble Jewish friend who helped me to attain all my glory."

He immediately wrote a letter to the priest of the village where Samuel lived requesting him to find out all details about a Jewish man by the name of Samuel Graubart and let him know.

The priest in his reply to the Bishop stated that Samuel was no more among the living, but his oldest son was living there—married, blessed with children and in poor circumstances. At the reply of the priest the Bishop felt very sorry. Not being able to repay his real benefactor he decided to repay it to his son and wrote another letter to the priest and enclosed a letter addressed to Graubart and requesting the priest to send Graubart to him as soon as he received the letter as he was anxious to see him. The priest soon submitted the letter to Graubart and told him that he was re-

quested by the Bishop to tell him that his holiness wished to see him.

Graubart read the letter and was shocked, thinking to himself why he a poor Jew was to be called to see the chief dignitary of the country, who was to be feared more than the Kaiser himself. He asked himself should he appear before him?

Perhaps I am accused falsely of some crime by the Bishop and he may have me punished or even hanged. What shall I do now? He then asked his wife her advice and she told him to go to the city of Raab and show this letter to some rich merchant and do whatever he is advised.

Graubart took his stick and went by foot till he reached the city. There he went into a rich merchants place of business and asked him for advice, and the merchant told him that there was absolutely nothing wrong, because he had heard that the Bishop was loyal to all subjects alike. Graubart encouraged by the merchant set out for his journey toward Gran for he had no means to hire a wagon, so he went on foot, though it was about 25 miles from Raab. As he reached the city he went into one of the coffee houses and asked the people where the Bishop resided. When he got the information he came to the gate, asking the guards how and where he can see the Bishop and he was told that he must first go to the secretary and he will tell him where to go. Going to the secretary he was asked what he wished. Graubart replied, "I wish to see the Bishop."

"Who, you! You, a Jew, wants to see his holiness? Since I am in my service I never have seen a Jew entering this court," said the secretary. "But, I beg your pardon! I have a letter from the Bishop, in which he requests me to appear before him," replied Graubard.

"Ah, you Jew, this is a lie, yea a false pretense; there is no truth in all this. Moreover his holiness is not in town, so you can't see him. Go your way that I may not see you here again."

Graubart disappointed and abused, his heart full of grief, returned to that coffee house where he stopped before and told the people what had happened to him. But the people told him to go back and insist that he be introduced to the Bishop. He is home for they had seen the Bishop today riding in his stately carriage toward his residence.

Graubart encouraged by the people went back to the secretary and requested once more to let him in to the Bishop.

"You damned Jew, didn't I tell you before that his Holiness is out of town? Go your way, else I will beat you with whips and let the dogs tear your flesh and at last I will crucify you on the gallows."

Meanwhile the night broke on; it was dark so he couldn't go home. For in the night some mischief might befall him on the way. He decided to stay in that coffee house over night and in the morning he would go his way homewards. And so he went to the coffee house, tired, hungry and with a broken heart looking at the guests, some playing billiards, some drinking coffee, some playing cards, until at last he fell asleep and dreaming of the rough treatment of the evil secretary.

Seven o'clock at night the Bishop was served with supper and the secretary wanted to play the hypocrite and flatter the Bishop came in at supper time to the Bishop and said: "What do you think, there came a Jew and persisted only in seeing his holiness. I of course chased him away and told him if he be insistent I would have him whipped with rods and tear his flesh by the dogs."

"Did he have a letter with my signature? and you wouldn't let him in? Now, listen to me, go and search for the man and bring him tonight; know it that you will pay it with your life, you vile and wicked man," shouted the Bishop.

Terror stricken the secretary ran around the city like a wild man searching and asking for the man until at last he came to the coffee house and asked the guests whether they had seen such and such a man. They then pointed to

the man in the corner sitting and sleeping, and asked if he was the one. The secretary recognized him and politely shaked and begged him to come with him to the Bishop. Graubart just dreaming about the words of the wicked secretary that he would hang him on a gallow opened his eyes and saw the same secretary standing before him. Thinking he had come to execute his threatenings that he would hang him, jumped from his chair, crying aloud, "Help me, gentlemen; help me! Here he is; he want to kill me."

But the secretary explained to the guests the situation and excused himself that he was guilty of the bad treatment. Everything would be all right because the Bishop had sent him to fetch the man. Consequently the people appeased Graubart and told him he should go without fear for everything would be all right. Both went and going in the secretary introduced him to the Bishop. Graubart kneeling before the Bishop and kissed his hands.

"Take a seat, my child. What is your name, your father's name; how many brothers and sisters; how many children" and so on. The Bishop holding a book in his hand wrote everything down. Then he began: "My dear child, this is about all for tonight and the rest I will tell you in about six weeks from now. Now go home, God bless you."

Graubart going down the steps met the secretary coming through another door, who said to him, "Gentleman, here take this letter, the Bishop said you were to take it with you."

Graubart going into the street opened the letter and pulled out two bills—two one thousand gulden bills enclosed in a piece of paper on which was written: "Take this money and use it; buy yourself, your wife and children all the clothes you need. Rejoiced with so great a sum of money which he never in his life had seen before, he went into the coffee house. All the guests surrounded him and were eager to know what business he had with the Bishop. But instead

of answering he shouted, "Oh hotelman, I am hungry, give me something to eat and drink; give me the best meal you have on hand and I'll pay whatever you will charge," and he pulled from his pocket a thousand gulden bill saying: "Here, take out for the meals I'll consume and change it and give me the rest."

Again the people asked what business he had transacted with the Bishop that he had received two thousand guldens "I don't know why I got that sum of money from the Bishop and am not wise enough to even imagine what it should mean," answered Graubart.

In the morning he hired a carriage and went home. Stopping at the door of his house his wife and children were surprised to see their father sitting in a nobleman's carriage. Kissing his wife and children, he exclaimed: "Dear wife and children we are happy, here is money, go and buy all the necessities for the house and he gave all the money to his wife.

"Who gave you so much money?" asked his wife.

"The Bishop! Why he gave it to me I don't know," replied Graubart.

Six weeks passed and one day two stately carriages stopped before Graubart's door and three officers in uniform came in and told him that they were sent by the Bishop to take him and his wife and children in the carriages to the city of Gran, and that he shall take no valuables nor any object in his house should be taken by order of the Bishop. And so they got into the carriages and in a few hours they were in Gran. There they were met by the secretary who led them to a four story house and told them that they should inhabit this house because it was theirs.

The house was provided with furniture, brought directly from Vienna and was provided with carpets from top to bottom. After three days the secretary came to Graubart and told him that the Bishop wanted him with his family to appear before him. And so they went to the Bishop and were introduced by the secretary.

"Take your seats my children," began the Bishop. "Now I will tell you the meaning of all this," holding a book in his hand and saying further: "In 1860 I and your father attended the Gymnazium in Raab, and your father assisted me with money for 13 long years until I had reached my goal and he alone is responsible for all my glory, so I decided to repay his benefactions to me, but God took him away in his prime of years and I am unable to repay it to him. I decided to repay it to one of his children and as you are the oldest one I will repay it to you. Therefore, know it, that the property in which you live with all its equipments is transferred in your name and you will get ten thousands guldens yearly for your sustenence, but if you don't wish to be idle, as you are a young man yet, I will appoint you to be superintendent over my private estate and you may manage it so that you should draw in full for your benefit and you may assist all your relatives, but manage that I should not suffer any shortage. Therefore choose one of the two."

Graubart chose to be superintendent. When Graubart took charge over the management of the estate, he soon made improvements in all branches, in the fields, fattening of oxen and swine; improvements in all kinds of implements and utilities, constructions of all kinds of modern styles, also in buying and selling, so that at the new crop it proved to be a surplus against the years before with a hundred thousand guldens. Thus the Bishop profited right the first year 100,-000 guldens and Graubart himself drew a salary which amounted nearly to as much.

A few years after Graubart had become a millionaire and was well known on all the stock exchanges in Budapest, Vienna, Paris and London.

After a time Kaiser Francis Joseph conferred upon him the title of Baron.

The writer of this story knew in person the Bishop and Graubart for he lived at that time in the neighborhood of the cities mentioned in the story.

19

THE GOLDSMITH

To be expelled, a new home to find,
To be afflicted, and become blind;
Is worse than death, is worse than all;
Yet hopes uphold and do recall,
That days of comfort are at hand,
When revenge follows the vile brigand.

In a comfortable armchair is sitting an old man. At his feet, on a footstool sits a girl of about eight years of age, with black curly hair. The old man has just finished a long story which he related to the little girl, and leaning his tired, gray head which was covered with a black velvet cap on the bolster of the high armchair. Little Esther was not tired of listening.

"Tell me one more story, dear grandpa!" she begged, "you know how to tell nice stories. I like to hear you very much."

"Let me rest for a while, dear child, I am tired," said the grandfather.

The little girl then ceased to beg and looked upon her grandfather anxiously as if she would read from his features the cause of his unusual weariness.

Vain trouble! Even for an experienced man who knows human nature it would be hard to recognize from the features of the gray hoary Ephraim his disposition of mind, how could it have been easy for little Esther? The reflection of the soul, the eyes extinct, dim and without splendor rising on high out of the deep eyeholes opposite the rays of the light and becoming insensible, simultaneously the face of the unfortunate expressing the stamp of an unmoving stiffness.

Ephraim Ungar, the Goldsmith, had become blind a few years ago, and besides this condemned to an idle and inactive life. As his daughter, Meriam, who supported him at present by making artful gold embroidery, was obliged to

leave him alone at home, so little Esther, his grandchild, an orphan, was the only one who kept company to the blind grandfather. Of course in this case he alone was obliged to bear the burden of amusing the child, whilst he tried to remember all kinds of tales which he ever heard and read in his youth, and tried to invent many new ones, in order to gratify the child's desire. During the time he repeated those tales again and again, so that the prudent child knew those tales nearly by heart. Ephraim was sitting leaning back, touching with his tender white hand, his extinct eyes, because of the dazzling sun rays which caused him pain instead of granting him the benefaction of light; he perceived a loud knocking on the locked door.

"Grandpa, the Muhme (Aunt) is coming," shouted the little girl with joy. Oh, she may bring me some pretty things, may she not?" "This is not Aunt Meriam. This is not the manner of her knocking, it is a stranger who desires to come in. Come, dear Esther, I will lift you up to the window, and you see who it is," said the old man.

As Esther looked out of the window, she said: "Oh, grandpa, two soldiers are standing outside and desire to come in." At the word soldiers, the old man trembled, making means to retreat in the room without opening the door. The sound of a voice was heard outside, shouting: "Open the door, we are coming in the name of the law." This caused the lingering ones to push back the rail and grant the soldiers to enter.

Without greeting they came in; without any excuse the oldest of the soldiers spoke to the gray hoary man. "Does Ephraim the Jew, named Ungar, the goldsmith live here?"

"I am the one" replied Ephraim with quietness, so that it impressed the soldiers so much, that they spoke in a much milder tone than they did before.

"If you are the same, we deliver you a writ from the court office. Read it and give us a confirmation of its acceptance, and that you understand the contents of same."

"Alas, to do both are impossible for me, for as you see gentlemen, I am bereft of my sight, so that I am neither able to read nor to sign my name. But perhaps you know the contents of the document, be so kind and tell me. My little grandchild will then sign my name, she is able to write. Won't you, my little Esther," said the old man smiling, while he tenderly stroked the curly hair of the anxious child clinging to him.

"But gentlemen I suppose you are tired, hungry and thirsty. Take place at my table and Esther will set before you bread and wine.

Alas, I have no other refreshment in my house, though no man forsook Ephraim Ungar's house unrefreshed."

The soldiers looked with compassion upon the gray hoary man, admiring his hospitality which is only customary in the orient, and caused to stir the hearts of those rough warriors, for they never knew before that there existed such hospitable manners, and therefore just as they were impolite when they entered the house, so they behaved friendly now.

None of the soldiers were able to read the document to tell the old man the Job's message contained therein. The soldiers winked to each other, resolving to leave the document with the old man and to call for it some day after. The soldiers then thanked the old man heartily for his hospitable treatment and departed with the assurance to come again, and be a help to him with adivce and deeds.

As the soldiers departed Ephraim said to his grandchild:

"Try to read for me the contents of this document, you need not read it all, only the most important things."

But the girl wasn't able to read, though she learned to read and write, yet she was not able to decipher the current jewish writing. To her it was illegible hieroglyphs. Ephraim was obliged to have patience till his daughter would return from her business on which she had gone.

The old man did not wait long, for he heard a knocking

on the door. "Go open, Esther, it is the Muhme (aunt) Meriam."

Meriam the young girl came in, blooming like a rose and beaming for joy, hastened to her father, seized his hand and kissed it.

"I bring good tidings, papa, the Turkish lady to whom I was recommended, paid me for the gold cap which I have knitted for her, three ducats, and told me to come again tomorrow, in order to make the design for an embroidered velvet jacket, and will then inform me when I will have to finish same. She also promised to furnish me work all the time. Now we are protected from distress. How happy I feel now!"

"My poor child!" sighed Ephraim. "You deserve better luck than that hard work of embroidery where you spoil your eyes, in order to support your old idle father and the child, who needs our help, for she has nobody else to take care of her. Therefore it seems to me that there is preserved for you a more prosperous and happier life in the near future."

"What do you mean by prosperity, father?" Do you mean to say, that this is luck and prosperity, if man revels in superfluity, in walking proudly in rich clothes, and if man is seeking to pass the tediousness of the day in rushing for pleasures? No, father, not in such manner of life lies the real happiness. I feel happy in my own way; happy if I fulfill my duties through conscience, happy by steady turn with you, this which built up my spirit, and opened for me the gate of education, in as much that I shall not remain ignorant, but shall be like most of the girls of my faith. When I shall have finished my work and cover the necessities of life in managing of our household, with my earnings, and sit at your feet, in order to read to you out of some good books and converse with you all about what we have read; when you will try to tell from memory some chapters from the Holy Bible and explain it to me, or when I will accomp-

any you to some parks in the city, then I shall feel happy, then I shall never change with one of those happy ladies. And my happiness shall thus come through the pious Turkish lady who takes care of all my sustenance. This is what I call happiness and this is what you, dear father, desirest to wish me."

Now Meriam turned to the child: "Has anybody been here while I was absent?" she asked.

"Yes, dear aunt, two soldiers were here, they brought a letter for grandfather, there it lies on the chest."

The word soldiers made such fierce impression upon the young girl just as it had made upon her father.

Evidently Meriam knew that soldiers seldom bring good tidings when they come into a jewish house.

Indeed she guessed rightly, for she scarcely cast a glance upon the document, considering the suffering and condition of her blind father, expelled a terrible cry.

"Out, out, all is lost," so she wailed.

"What does this document contain, my child? Perhaps it is not as bad as it seems to you at the first moment," said the old man.

"Oh, it is terrible, my father! all our future plans are destroyed our hopes for a quiet life in retirement has proved fallacious. This document is our ruin."

"But what does it contain?" urged Ephraim.

"Oh papa, our banishment from the city and country, within eight days counted from yesterday on, we are to leave the Capitol and return to our native country, Hungary. As if it would be a home for us; the country which we left in full hopes of a happier future, and now must go back—back as exiled beggers. Oh, such disgrace!" said Meriam.

The peaceful rest which she enjoyed for a while was soon interrupted when she read the decree of her father's banishment, a sudden change, a desperate disposition came upon her, and she burst into a flood of tears, which at last brought her relief. Now the world experienced father who

had gone through many trials and adventures undertook the role of consolation.

"Think of the pious Naomi, my child, who in full possession of riches and respect forsook her native city Bethlehem, and returned as a poor widow there again. My fate is equal to hers. I was provided with plenty of means, eager for work and strong. I departed from my native country and as a blind begger I am compelled to return. And just as Naomi found in Ruth her daughter-in-law a workative help, so I have in you—you my dear child at my side, who never—never will forsake me, not even in distress; and not even then, when the wanderstaff, which I shall be compelled to seize should become a beggerstaff."

"Never and never, my dear father! Pardon, that I caused you grief throught my impetuous outbreaking of pain, it should not happen again. I will take upon me everything which God shall destine upon us without grumbling."

"You shall do it too!" said the old man. "Now again I recognize in you my child, my strong and courageous Meriam. Now calm yourself, girl, put me in my bed and you try to sleep, too. Perhaps there may come some saving or at least a consolating thought during the night."

Meriam lead her father into his bedroom and little Esther, who in spite of not possessing the right understanding of the scene which had taken place, yet was also brought to bed quite stirred, but Meriam herself was not able to sleep, she then wrapped herself in a dark cloak and put its capuce upon her head so that no one would recognize her, and so she sneaked unperceived into the garden which bordered their house. There she took from her pocket a key and opened the wicket which was half hidden under one of a tight foliage, and walked a few steps in the garden, a young man likewise wrapped in a dark cloak, entered silently into the garden, and followed her seizing the hand of the young girl, and pressed it to his lips.

"Thousands of thanks for your kindness, Meriam"

began the young man. "I have to tell you some important things and therefore I beg for a secret rendezvous."

"Our first rendezvous shall also be the last one," replied Meriam. "We are obliged to forsake Wiene in a few days. Today the decree of banishment came."

"What? This, too!" shouted the young man with a trembling voice. "I would never think of it."

"What do you wish to tell me, Ferenz; make it short and quick, for I dare not stay outside long, for if my father should miss me, or some one of the people should meet me?" said Meriam.

"Don't shorten the happy minutes if it be a moment longer I believe that I am yours, that you love me as dearly, as I love you, pretty virgin."

"I shall not suffer to hear you saying such words, for I shall never be yours. It is true, you are the savior of my father and as such I do esteem you highly, and as such I permitted you to visit our house, no matter what the world may say. But otherwise as for your being my admirer I never gave you my permission and never thought of it."

"Yes, the world, my Meriam—the world has no clear understanding as to our pure unprofaned relation. They see in the picture everything reflecting their own corruption. And even this I have to tell you and remind you to be very cautious. They are looking for us; they pursue us," said Ferenz.

"Who, and for what purpose?" asked Meriam.

"This is what I am asking myself, and after a long muse I have come upon the supposition that it is or they are the beadles of the chastity commission who are watching me," said the young man. "What, does this institution exist yet? I was of the opinion, that since the death of the gracious queen it had been abolished."

You are mistaken there Meriam. The Kaiser is just about to bring light in that mysterious darkness, in which this chastity commission is wrapping itself. But this inhumane

law is equal to the Hydra, when one believes that its head was beaten off, it elevates itself most and in a stronger measure, but Kaiser Joseph will tread down even this serpent, just as he destroyed so many others. At present this commission rules secretly and is mighty all over the country, and it is said that they are very careful. They do not mean wrong, still in many cases they act cruelly, thus I will keep away from your house for a few days in order to avert the pursuers."

"We must go away from here soon anyway," said Meriam.

"I am going with you wherever you go, sweetheart!"

"And my reputation? which would be destroyed. This you don't take into consideration, Ferenz! My father brought you into our house with a pretence of being his savor and to be the instructor of little Esther, and so you was allowed to visit a Jewish family undisputed. What pretence would you have to an immigration?"

"We will be able to find this. We have eight days time yet, and I am not afraid about my support in the future. My paint brush will support me wherever I may open tent."

"No, no, remain here, Ferenz, and God shall protect you. Don't I bear my own fate hard enough, why should I impose upon me a struggle in as much as I perhaps could succumb? No, separate your serene, sunny future from our charged and sorrowful curse."

"Forsake you, Meriam, you gracious human being whose charm would draw the eyes of so many dissolute fellows upon yourself, how could I do this? If you don't allow me to travel with you, I shall follow you at a distance, in order to protect you. When shall we see each other again, and at this place, for I would not venture to go frankly into your house any more."

"Then it is better that you omit it. I granted you one secret meeting, but no more. Before we go away from

Wiene I shall send to you the usual messenger in order that we may take farewell."

"Very well, I shall expect it. God be with you Meriam, farewell."

So both separated though the inclination of their hearts remained bound to each other, yet the power of circumstances and the undelayed consequences separated them, they were compelled to leave each other.

The hour at which Meriam ought to make her visit to the rich Turkish woman had come, but Meriam made no preparation to go out. Under these circumstances she did not care much to be there at the right time, for inasmuch as she could not accept the promised work any more at which she rejoiced yesterday. Her visit to the lady would only be for the purpose of refusing the work, so she took her time, and in the meantime she could write in a letter everything which she intended to tell personally. In the first place her task now was to sell all the furniture and house vessels, things which she would not be able to take with her on the journey, and prepare for travel in general. On the same day she remained home in order to expect the arrival of the soldiers who were to call for the ratification of the delivered document. It seemed to her to be cowardly for her to go away and leave her blind father and the young child into the hands, perhaps of rough fellows. Besides this, the father after a sleepless night had sunk into a deep slumber, so she did not wish to awake him.

Early in the morning the soldiers came and were led into their room by the trembling girl. The soldiers were greatly surprised at the gentle appearance of Meriam who came to meet them. They had never seen such a beautiful Jewess, and her reverential greeting sounded as though they stood opposite a princess. But the thing which struck and impressed them most was the use of the real German language, which this jewish girl mastered, and distinguished

herself from those who spoke the jargon jewish, and also from the dialect which was spoken in Wiene.

"This jewish girl," the soldiers said to each other, must have learned a great deal, of which many citizens, yea even officers daughters could envy her. At the same time her beauty and charm attracted their attention so much that they had to subdue the power of their imagination.

Meriam delivered the ratification to the soldiers with friendly thanks for their trouble, whilst she simultaneously pressed a goldpiece into their hands.

"Gentlemen, accept my thanks for the demonstrated indulgence to my father and for your trouble," said Meriam.

One of the soldiers replied: We are only sorry that we had to be the deliverer of such a bad notice. We did not even have the courage to grieve the old man, and for this reason we left it here for a few days."

"This is very nice of you. God will reward you for your good action," said Meriam.

The youngest one of the soldiers, who in the meantime had not taken his eyes off from the pretty figure of the jewish girl, said: "While I observe this virgin how beautiful she is and especially how she is able to speak well, I came upon an idea, how it is possible to help her."

But the oldest one of the soldiers shook his head, not believing it, and said: "This is impossible, for as far as I know, no banishment of Jews has taken place lately, so I presume and evidently believe that some high personality of great influence has his hand in this game, and is urging her removal. Consequently nothing can be done against it."

"But there is in Viene a still mightier person, who could help the Kaiser!" said the younger soldier.

"Comrade," said the other, "this is not from your own dummy head. God or the devil put it into your mind. God be with us!" At these words he made a cross on his head.

Meriam took this thought into her mind, still she

doubted, saying: "What do those high people care for the ill fate of a poor jewish family?"

"Oh pretty virgin, you have no knowledge of the qualities of the Kaiser. He cares even for the lowest of his subjects. He is like a father to everyone. Every subject is permitted an audience, and no one forsakes his office without granting him audience and consolation." replied the younger soldier.

"Even Jews are allowed an audience?" asked Meriam.

"Jews or Christians, are alike to him. Even priests are frequent there. They even spread the rumor, that he is the Antychrist in person, because he does not tolerate the forced baptising of the Jews. The good Emperor says: "I do not care for baptised Christians, but I wish to have good Christians. He goes to mass daily, and prays and confesses just as one of us. But as to real humanity and justice everybody is alike to him, peasant or nobleman. Everybody gets justice from him."

After this the soldiers instructed her how to behave and the manner of appearence at audience. She should prepare a petition in which she shall write down all her desires, and if questioned by the Kaiser, all her answers must be short and to the point. "It would be of great advantage," said the soldiers. "If you could be accompanied by your blind father, in order to make an impression on the cordial Emperor, whereby he would consent to everything."

But Meriam would not like to trouble her blind father with such a task, for it would effect him. Furthermore, it was her desire to stir the feelings of the Emperor through righteousness so she would write down all the facts in that petition.

After the soldiers had departed, Meriam remained alone and fell into a deep meditation. She began to think about that mysterious man which the soldiers mentioned, who he could be, and aspires to cause her downfall, and she came upon the idea, that it must be the same one who

pursued the steps of her friend Ferenz. She then brought her adventure in connection with the one of her friends that it must be the same man who pursued her on one occasion when she went out to bring home work, she noticed that a gentleman seeming to belong to some high rank met her and molested her with a love suit. In a state of anguish she was not able to free herself from the man untill she called a carriage driver, stepped quickly into the carriage and rode home. But the man who followed her could by no means overtake her, so he must have spied the place where she lived and pursued her friend Ferenz, and also caused the banishment of her father as an act of vengeance. This supposition made her heart faint and she could by no means come to a conclusion regarding the planned audience. How would it be, she thought to herself, if that man is there in the court, and he causes that audience should be refused to her, or so that she comes right along into the claws of the seducer? But time is precious, she can't loose it. Thus of two evils the smallest one must be chosen, therefore she followed the advice of the soldiers, because according to their opinion they must have understood the matter.

Her father slept while she was speaking with the soldiers. Meriam avoided interrupting his sleep, the only happy hours in the life of the unhappy father. She didn't even tell him when he awoke of her intentions, in order that he should not make false conceptions of hopes, which would afterward turn out deceitful and would only increase his pains. She always used to treat her father in the same manher, she did not suffer him to know of any troublesome things which would cause him grief.

During the sleepless night which followed this eventful day, Meriam had sought to fix her thoughts to be prepared for that decisive hour. She had also composed the petition the evening before, and wrote it as nice and clean as she could. Thus she was careful in choosing the words—words at which the heart of the Kaiser should be stirred.

"Short and valid!" the good soldiers in whose head the idea of this audience was conceived, advised her to do. It is easy to say a thing, but hard to carry out. Where should she begin, where finish? Whom should she accuse, if not the law—the law which grants a pretence to such arbitrariness? In the meantime she described it as a destiny of God. She remembered the two words, which her father said to her once, that the Majesty of a noble monarch is the splendor of the excellency of God. Why tremble and fear thus? Yea, in God's grace she has great confidence. Now brave and courageous she turned to her creator with her daily prayers, in unsearched, unartificial words she told her request before Him, prayed to grant her wishes of her heart. Now why should she tremble before an earthly king, especially if he is known as a kind and graceful person? She arose early in the morning, prepared everything for her father and the child, and told them that she had to take an immediate walk to one of the suburbs, so that she will be away from the house for a long time. She dressed herself in plain attire thought suitable for such an important errand, and left the house with palpitation of the heart.

As Meriam came into the royal court she was lead by one of the officers to that part of the large building where the Controll Office was in which the common audience was given.

Besides her there were standing persons of high rank and such who were equal to her, holding their petitions in their hands, expecting the arrival of the Kaiser.

One could see a variegated company gathered together expecting the mercy of the Emperor. All kinds of men and women of every rank were represented there, the powdered lady in her stiff corset was obliged to suffer a common peasant woman standing near her, as well as the noble man and the haughty knight had to suffer the poor working man standing near him. No precedence ruled here, here they all appeared as petitioners, and all were subjects of this mighty

ruler, rich and poor alike. Everyone looked toward the door expecting the Kaiser to enter.

Finally the folding door was opened and Kaiser Joseph the Second appeared, at his side a gentleman, whom Meriam considered to be a very mighty gentleman on account of his rich court attire, but at the same time, to her great terror, she recognized in him the same fellow who pursued her in the street with his immoral proposals, and the one whom she believed to be the originator of all her sufferings.

All the courage of the poor Jewish girl vanished, she thought her errand all in vain and her only desire now was to forsake the royal court safely without danger. Her body weakened from anxiety and a sleepless watchful night, a chill ran through her; she was unable to stand upon her feet strengthless she broke down before the feet of the Emperor.

As the Kaiser saw her prostrated he believed, that the young petitioner desired to make a respectful kneefall before him, and this was the very thing which he did not like very much, and he called to her: "Arise, my child, men kneel before God but not before human beings."

The friendly words of the Kaiser gave her strength to stand up, but she was not able to speak. All apprehensive words which she desired to direct to his Majesty vanished from her memory, and only her hands reached the petition to the Kaiser.

The wise Monarch could read from her features and her eyes that the matter written in the petition must be a just one. He turned to her friendly, while the accompanying chamberlain of the Kaiser grasped the petition to accept it according to the custom of his position.

Now Meriam gathered together all her courage and said: "This petition may be delivered only into the hands of my excellent Monarch of whom the welfare of my gray hoary blind father depends to be granted."

The charming beauty of the Jewish girl attracted the attention of the Kaiser, as did also her perfect expression of

the German language, so that he became much interested in her.

Kaiser Joseph, great as a philanthropist also liked to study human nature. He observed the evil looks which his chamberlain cast upon the pretty petitioner, and the cool and proud looks which she cast upon the old gentleman in return, caused the Kaiser to take the document into his hand, and according to his custom asked her in a friendly manner what she desired, and then he said:

"Go home my child! I shall read and prove your petition, and if it is not contrary to justice, your desires shall be granted."

The royal palace which Meriam entered before with anguish, she now left with joy and gladness, and hastened home on account of her father, that he would not think that some mischief had befallen her. She did not even wish to tell him where she had been for such a long time, for the success of her undertaking was by no means assured yet.

Meanwhile a rough court officer came and brought the message for Meriam that she was to appear at the royal palace on the next day at ten o'clock in the morning, in order that the rescript of her petition shall be delivered to her.

The next day Meriam left the house and tried to be at the royal court at the appointed time. When she arrived there she was told that his Majesty had taken a ride, and by his distinct order she may expect him in this room after his return.

A short time after Meriam departed from home with the blessings of her father, two gentlemen wrapped in their cloaks asked to be let into the house of Ephraim the Goldsmith. And when they entered the room, they introduced themselves as two noble farmers from the province, and seemed to be quite astonished that the goldsmith was blind. They came to the capitol on purpose to get their old fashioned family ornament enchased anew. Some one recom-

mended to them Ephraim Ungar the Jew and described him as a great master who is able to do such art work.

"Who recommended you to me, excellent gentlemen?" asked Ephraim. "It is true I have practiced my art in Wiene but only for a short time, and I am not well known!"

A friend of ours, who lived in Presburg Hungary, for many years and knew you there", replied one of the gentlemen.

"Yes; this is indeed very possible, for there in Presburg they knew me well as the master Ephraim. I have worked there for great people, and they liked me there very much. I was also highly esteemed there, for they entrusted me with an honorable position having been president of the pious brotherhood for many years. But I was persuaded by a certain person to come to Wiene, and here I met the misfortune of becoming blind. Now I am not able to work any more, and am compelled to be supported by my only child who is working very hard," said the old man.

"How did you lose your eyesight?" asked one of the strangers.

The sound of sincere participation by the one who spoke these words; Ephraim did not think that this was from vain desire or evil cunning, which caused their question.

Blind people used to have the right mind for it. Also their hearts do not become corrupted through hypocritic outsiders like the hearts of people who see, therefore they are able to judge the minds from the sound of the speaker. Therefore the blind man answered and said: "Excellent gentlemen, this is a long sad story, and I would not wish to try your patience by listening to it.

The youngest one of the gentlemen looked about in the room and noticed that in spite of its cleanliness and order, yet no ornament was to be seen in the house, and he said: "Have you saved nothing of your former fortune, master Ephraim?"

"Nothing, except my honest name", replied Ephraim.

"This is indeed a great deal, but not much to live on. Thus your only son supports you?" asked the gentleman.

"Your grace, but I have no son any more. I have but an only daughter, who earns by making art embroidery work, which she once learned for her own pleasure, and is supporting herself, me and the child, whose father was my son, and who lost his life on the same day, when I lost the sight of my eyes", said the old man.

While the blind man related these words, tears rolled from the blue eyes of the younger gentleman, and he subdued his voice, so that he gave hints to his comrade that he should continue the conversation.

The other gentleman, obeying the hints of the first one, continued saying: "You would do us a great favor, if you would tell us how all this happened. We take much interest in your fate, and we would gladly do you any favor which would be in our power."

Ephraim shook his gray head sorrowfully, saying: "There is no help for me, for in a few days I must seize my wanderstaff and forsake this city with my daughter and grandchild, and go, as an unprotected beggar, to my native place, for we are banished."

The two gentlemen looked at each other and nodded, and the oldest one continued, saying: "We expect you will tell us more, master, for it is possible that we may find some points in your story, which we may be able to operate so that your banishment shall be dismissed, for we are not without influence at the royal court."

These words sounded in the ears of the blind man like a half promise, so that he was more confidential to them and caused him to continue: "Dear gentlemen! It was an exceptional case which caused me to forsake my native country —the beautiful Hungary, and sojourn here in this capitol. I had an only son, the father of this child. He met the ill fate that his beloved wife paid with her life at the birth of this girl. Then I had compassion for my son, because he

was all alone, and in order that he should not become desperate, I desired to comfort him and be constantly at his side. I decided to live with him and so I with my daughter and grandchild went to live with him, and there we always tried to console him about his great loss. At that time my son was directorial factor to a rich magnate, whose name I do not wish to reveal, excellent gentlemen, for it is a strange secret. Thus as factor my son enjoyed the full confidence of the Earl; he took care of the purchase and sale of all cattle, of all cultural products, and he mediated all money matters of the noble gentleman. Through my son, I too got acquainted with the Earl, and he entrusted me with all the jewelry work which he had to be fixed. Indeed I could only be proud of such an employer. The Earl had an only son, whom he once disowned on account of his frivolous conduct and tricks, so that the son left his father's house and disappeared and to this day no clue to his whereabouts has been found. But I and my son persuaded the father to forgive his son and be reconciled to him, and announce in all the newspapers that he grants him his full pardon, if he will only return to his father's house. Whether this announcement did not reach the young Earl or on account of his proudness he did not wish to return, we do not know, anyway all emissions which were sent out returned without any result, without finding the young Earl. And so it came to pass, about five years ago the magnate ordered my son to come to him and made him the offer to move with him to Wiene, inasmuch as he must make all efforts to find his only son and heir again. It is more possible to undertake this from the capitol, for it is the center of all the empires. The Earl assured my son that he would protect him if he went with him and would take care of his business too. My son Ruben hesitated for a time, but later on he consented, and complied with his request, and of course I went with him. And so it happened when we came here that we met our ill fate. Here in Wiene is destined a decree upon Jews that

they must carry on their back a yellow patch as a sign of disgrace. I and my son were not used to it for we enjoyed the protection of the Earl and so we were an exception. So it happened one day that I went out of the house to take a walk in the street, of course having no patch on my back. Some gangsters recognized me as being a Jew, and they started to shout, calling, "hep! hep!" at me. In a moment I was surrounded by a crowd of people, calling with threats: "Where is your patch, you Jew?" Now my son looked out of the window and saw what had befallen me, he hastened to come down to save me, but scarcely had he tried to do so, when a pavement stone was thrown upon his head, so that he fell upon the ground in a stream of blood. Desperately I bent myself over his body, but there came strokes of a stick upon my head from all sides of that raged people and I fell fainting to the ground. After I regained consciousness I found myself in a strange room: I felt it, but could not see it. Many weeks passed by since the event of that terrible day. During this time I suffered a severe inflammation of the brain so that its consequence was that I had become blind. Oh, I would rather remain dead on that place, or would rather have died while I was sick, than to awake or recover to a life without light!"

"And your son?" the younger one of the gentlemen interrupted him.

"My son was carried away from the place dead, and buried in all quietness, while I waivered between life and death. Yes, even I would not have escaped death from that enraged people if a noble youth who chanced to pass by this way, had not pulled me out from their hands so that he himself was placed in a very dangerous position. Still he got through safely and brought me into his house. This young man, an artist, brought the best physicians who treated me and only saved my life, but were not able to save my eyesight. And so I came out into life again but a blind and broken man."

Ephraim being exhausted, his visitors gave him time to collect himself for awhile. Then the youngest one of the gentlemen began: "And where did you lose your possession, master?"

"Oh, I was not rich when I came to Wiene, but as long as I was able to work I earned sufficient to cover my expences, sometimes more, and sometimes less, for the Earl at whose inducement we left our country, provided me not only with his own work, but also recommended me to all his friends, Hungarian officers living in Wiene, who gave me plenty of work. And so I was protected from distress and would have been protected even then, when the misfortune came to my benefactor, the Earl, if I had not become blind, I would have been able to work!"

"Pardon Master! You have just spoken about a misfortune which had befallen your benefactor. Would you kindly tell us all about it?"

"Why not? Now, while I was confined to my sick bed in the house of the painter, something terrible happened. My benefactor, the Earl, played horse races and lost all his fortune and in a spell of madness he shot himself. Oh, if my son had been alive it would never have gone so far with the good gentleman, for he understood how to master the uphappy passions of his benefactor, wherefore the Earl recognized his good intentions and followed him in most cases. And so after this event, I was helpless with my two children.

At first we lived on my savings, and when this was gone we started to sell our ornaments, and when this was gone we sold our house vessels, and this gone, my Meriam started to think of some occupation. My savor Ferrenz the painter offered us his help, but my Meriam declined it and tried to find embroidery work, and so she supports us. But it did not last long, for as we were about to improve our condition, the decree of our banishment came, we shall be driven out and wander far away in an unknown future."

The voice of the gray hoary man was trembling on ac-

count of his inner excitement and the long withheld pains found a pathway for vehement sobs.

Both gentlemen endeavored to appease him, in spite of the fact that they themselves were touched by the sad story and were trying to subdue their own tears.

"Do not get desperate, old man, there will, and must be ways by which you can prevent the hard lot of emigration. It shall be our task to put us in the right way for it. But pardon for troubling you with our questions! Please tell us the magnate whose name you did not wish to reveal, has he found his son?"

Ephraim shook his head sadly and replied: "No, he did not succeed in finding him, and there was no longer time to search for him further, for the Earl committed suicide, and my son is dead. If my son had been alive he would have stirred heaven and earth to find the son of his master. But now he is dead, and I am as well as dead, for what is a blind man able to do? A blind man is not even able to protect himself!"

A few minutes after this conversation another event took place, a thing which should ratify the words of the old man. There was a vehement knocking on the door. The first knocking was overheard by those who were in deep conversation. Then they heard a rough calling: "Open, or we break the door!" This shouting stirred them all. Little Esther ran to her grandfather, and one of the gentlemen went and pushed back the bolt.

Meanwhile the younger gentleman has sneaked into the next room, pulling little Esther with him, whispered some words to the frightened grayhoary telling him: "Be not afraid old man, no harm will be done to you, I am here, I will protect you!" And then he quietly closed the door behind them.

An odd group entered the room, and a man in official uniform, shining stars and orders on his breast, being the head of this group and was follwed by several policemen,

having in their midst a young man in chains, who made desperate attempts to escape, and whom they watched carefully. This young man was Ferrenz, the painter.

The gentleman who opened the door for the group questioned the officer: "Who gave you the permission to enter this house by force?"

The officer measured the questioner from head to toe with mocking looks, replying: "I need not give any account not even to the first and best one. I am a royal commissary and am looking for the Jew Ephraim Ungar!"

"I am the one!" spoke Ephraim, lifting himself up from the armchair, and turning to the side wherefrom the strange voice sounded. "How can I serve you, gentleman?"

"Serve! with nothing. But deliver me the maiden, Jew, the maiden who misleads christian men and misguides them to prostitution."

"You know her well, old man! Meriam the daughter of the Hungarian Jew Ephraim Goldsmith, is charged with coquetry, and I, as a royal commissary of the chastity commission, am here to take her as a prisoner, just as we caught her coquetor at his fresh deed when he sneaked into your house."

"My child, my innocent and excellent child?" sobbed Ephraim, covering his face with both hands. After a while he collected himself and said further: "My gentleman, you are greatly mistaken. My child is as innocent and clean as the light of the sun."

"As the light which you are able to perceive", scornfully said the rough officer. "Where is she? Give her to us!"

"My child was ordered to his Majesty our gracious Emperor. She was called to the royal palace from whence she has not yet returned", replied the old man.

The commissary laughed sarcastically; "Yes, she said so, to the royal court, but she went for a rendezvous with a lover. She may have chattered to you whatever she desired, for you are blind, so you shall know it old man. How-

ever we will wait for her, and in the meantime we will look around in the house. Give us the keys to the shrine, Jew, I will search through the house.

Ferrenz the painter, refrained from speaking loud so that the old man would not recognize his voice and find out that he was in chains, for it would cause him grief. And even little Esther did not see Ferrenz for she was kept in the next room by the strange gentleman, so that she would not be frightened by the view of this adverse scene, so she also did not recognize him as being her teacher. But at the words "searching through the house" the young painter gnashed his teeth, but made no objection to these dishonorable measures, the consequences of which he was convinced. The fettered and strongly watched young man was obliged to endure everything for he was powerless against the armed force.

The chevalier, the one who opened the door for them turned to the commissary with the question: "First show me your permission to such steps, before I allow you to go on."

"Who are you?" the commissary interrupted him haughtily. "I do not need to give account to anyone except my chief, and if anyone dares to interfere with even a single word and disturbs me in my official duties he will surely share the same fate which this young fellow has, who was mislead by a maiden and who raised himself as her defender. Yes, fortunately the chastity commission is not abolished yet like other common institutions."

As one looking for help the chevalier turned to the door of the next room in which his comrade has been with little Esther, as though he expected him to come in and put an end to this painful scene. But his comrade still hesitated, and so he was obliged to yield to this arbitrariness.

Ephraim delivered the keys with trembling hands, folded his hands and sat down quietly, expecting the consequences of the inquiry. The chevalier who chanced to witness this scene stood at the side of the old man, and told him

to be courageous and promised him to see that no harm should be done to him or to his grandchild. By no means did Ephraim know neither the name nor the rank of his consolator, yet at the words "courage" spoken by his consolator, he conceived the hopes that with the invasion under the pretext of the law which has taken place this day, he has overcome the worst. We frequently observe such cases in life, that just at the darkest and sadest moment of helplessness, there comes from the background a shining ray of hope which brightens the dark night of an evil fate, and like the dawn as a forteller of bringing a healing aurora.

Meanwhile the royal commissary has searched through the shrine, and there he noticed a secret drawer which would, perhaps have remained hidden to a less experienced man. He tried to open it with all his keys, but none of them fitted, so then he broke off the cover, and found a case of artful work. In it laid a complete ornament with brilliants of inestimable value. It sparkled, glittered and beamed in all colors of the rainbow, so that it nearly burned out the eyes of the commissary, who pointed to it.

"Ah, look here! Now it cannot be denied that his daughter is a coquet who catches in her net the sons of the noblest houses and misleads them, for where would a simple working girl of embroidery get such a costly ornament from? Is it not the reward of sins? This jewel do I take with me as a corpus delecty, and the right owner of same shall be found."

"Compassion!" groaned the old man, who pursued with his fine hearing, though he could not see. "Mercy, your honor! This ornament does not belong to me, it is only intrusted to me and I have to return it. It is the only one inheritance left by a noble house for an orphan boy."

And again sounded the scornful laughing of the commissary. "Yes, as reward of a coquet of this noble young fellow here, this I believe."

"No, not so, your grace! This is a family ornament from a high and noble house, which was once given to me to enchace it anew. But the owner was swept off by a terrible fate during the time when I was fettered to my sick bed, and since then I considered myself as a keeper of this valuable object until the real heir shall be found", said the old man.

"Your grace, if I should tell the name of that gentleman, you would believe me just as much as you did hitherto. Therefore convince yourself, move the velvet from the etui somewhat sideways, and you will find the name and title of the real owner, it is embroidered with gold letters.

The commissary did as the old man said and tried to read, half saying to himself: "Earl Bela Hunyady, royal Hungarian chamberlain; Colonel in state of retirement."

Now, as the excited Ferrenz heard the words, Hunyady, he painfully exclaimed: "My father, my father, my unhappy father!"

Ephraim with his sharp hearing recognized the voice of Ferrenz, though he had no knowledge of his being present until now, for about the words: "unhappy father" the old man referred it to himself and his bad condition. And so when the old man knew that his friend Ferenz was there, he called to him joyfully: "You are here my savor, my friend? If so everything is all right now, you will protect me this time, as well as you did sometime ago."

"Oh, oh, old man, I am powerless. I am not able to free myself from my fetters. But fear not, old friend, I will help you along, I will be at your side. I as the son of Bela Hunyady, the brave warrior, who bled in so many battles for the sake of his queen, will not pray in vain before the throne of the noble Emperor."

"You chap, ha, ha, you the son of the old Hunyady? Make another man believe it, but not me. This is a preconcerted thing, in order to lead astray the courts of justice. And you, Jew, you will pay hard for it."

Now the gentleman who was in the next room, observing all that was going on, how the officer disgraced the old man and that young fellow, and the whole scene, was quite stirred and pursued attentively every phase of everything and noted down in his memorandum book all that had taken place. At first it seemed that he was not inclined to step forward from his hiding place, but after hearing all that he felt bad about, especially when the blind man, for whom he felt so much interest, was insulted, he slowly opened the door, and shouted to the rough officer: "Keep away from that weak old man, you coward—you villain! I will teach you how to honor the helpless, and the men of old age."

Not used to such address, the commissary looked into the eyes of that bold speaker who stood in the doorway, at his full height, commanding. One look more, and he recognized him, and terrified to death he fell down at his feet, uplifting his folded hands, begging: "Mercy—mercy, your Majesty!"

With a full gesture and unspeakable contempt Kaiser Joseph the Second turned away from the officer lying on the floor and spoke to his companion the well known statesman: "Let the fetters of Hunyady be taken off. He has carried them long enough, and I presume he did it all for the sake of the old man."

Ephraim, who sat all this time in his armchair, perceiving that the one who tried to comfort him during this scene was the Kaiser, rose from his seat in order to pay his respect and veneration for this great Monarch and turned to the side from whence he perceived his voice. Never before have all his troubles afflicted the old Ephraim more than at this hour, because of the thought that the great ruler is standing in his presence and he cannot see him—He, who lowered himself and descended into a tent of poverty in order to protect a human being. Nevertheless Ephraim was standing in veneration before his divine highness and spoke the words

of a blessing which is customary to say at the sight of crowned heads.

The Kaiser's companion Mr. Sonmenfelse called the attention of the Kaiser to the commissary who was still lying on the floor. "Are you still here, you man of misfortune? Away with you, and never again should you be seen here." And he commanded the police to watch the house, so that this house will never be disturbed again. Now turning to Ephraim the Kaiser said: "Farewell old man, and be sure that your daughter will be at home within a short time. I purposely ordered her to appear at my residence, and stay there until I should find out whether her words in the petition were based on truth, and meanwhile I came here unrecognized to find out all about it."

Ephraim succeeded in laying hold of the tip of the Emperor's cloak and leading it with veneration to his lips.

In the royal palace there was a room in which Joseph Sonnenfelse, Professor of states knowledge, was sitting at his desk, and in this capacity he officiated for many years till the year 1797, when he afterwards was elevated to the rank of a Baron. Sonnenfelse has also been a great worker for the benefit of humanity, and for this reason he was highly esteemed by the people as well as by the Emperor, so that he was frequently seen in the Kaiser's company, especially when Kaiser Joseph disguised himself as the Chalif al Rashid, and went among the people, in order to find out who was in need and distress. And in the same manner was Sonnenfelse his companion when they came into the house of Goldsmith the Jew, to find out about the contents of the petition of the Jewish girl.

And so it came to pass that while Kaiser Joseph with his chamberlain Sonnenfelse were exchanging words with each other, speaking about the reforming of all kinds of laws, as for instance, to abolish the decree of the yellow patch of the Jews, and of the restriction of their freedom, Sonnenfelse would not agree.

"We seem, this time, to have changed our role, my dear Sonnenfelse" said the Kaiser. "Till now you have been the one who urged me to reform laws which I lingered to sanction, and today you want to put the hemshoe on my disappointed reform movement and withhold me from a deed which our christian duty commands us to do? Confess: does your reservedness root, because it concerns the Jews, to whom the new decree should be in favor of?"

"So it is, your Majesty!"

"I do not understand you, Sonnenfelse! Is this the way for the brave fighter for humanity to speak? The Jews are human beings, too."

"Certainly! But their oppressors and pursuers are not. They are barbarians, your Majesty! Every reform which your Majesty would grant, would call forth satisfaction, even the measures against the clerus and against the possession of the churches, and would accept them but in stillness they would grumble and would only wait for an opportunity to rebel against it. But the decree of Jews which your Majesty in your inexhaustible grace are intent to give out, will give a pretence to this discontented element to protest loudly. Even the most loyal states citizens would receive the new decree only with grumbling, just because of the Jew, who should put down the sign of his disgrace or rather the disgrace of this century. Therefore for the sake of having established peace and rest do I beg: "your Majesty may delay this decree for a time!"

"Has the appearance of the scene not made any impression upon the ideal freedomblusterer? I wonder about it! asked the Kaiser.

"If it was to put an end to the arbitrary actions of the chastity commission, which was established by the deceased queen, then such scenes would not be repeated."

"This will be done without delay, for this does not concern the Jews very much, who very scarcely give cause to the chastity courts to interfere, but it concerns my people in

general. Now how about the yellow patch, the disgraceful reminder of a dark middle age, this must disappear from my realm; simultaneously with the Jewish body tax. The Jew must have humane treatment in my realm, in order that he shall be enabled to acquire spiritual and moral development, and be enabled to contribute in equality with other citizens. To make this possible the first step shall be to abolish the yellow patch."

With earnest apprehensiveness Sonnenfelse kept silent.

"Not so gloomy looking dear Sonnenfelse. Do not hide your noble heart behind a states reason, which does not agree with your former friendly human actions. You only embitter my joy with your pessimistic views in fixing an old evil. Only then if you find it for good, can my unshaken resolution be appeased.

"Majesty, know it well that I gladly accept every movement of liberty, for to me the Jew, christian and muselman are all alike. To preserve right and justice I would go in with all my power against danger, but it is my task to take care of the welfare of His Majesty himself and it is this which causes me to beg for a delay, for it would bring bitterness and dissatisfaction among the evil and baiting mass."

"Now we are even, Sonnenfelse! Here is my hand, strike in, man against man!"

In the year 1781 on the 13th day of March the birthday of the Kaiser was celebrated by a special feast. At that time he was forty years of age. In the short time of his independent reign he had accomplished a great deal. The Capitol was richly flagged and gloriously decorated. Shortly before the edict or act of toleration has been publicly pronounced, permitting free religious practice to the old catholic subjects with few immaterial limitations, as also there was granted to the Jews many liberties in their religion, and

political life. A band of music and a throng of people were marching throughout the streets, going straight to the court palace in order to meet the Kaiser and offer their homage to the noble monarch, and so the Kaiser has appeared on the balcony to greet the people, and started to proclaim as loud as he could:

"On this my 40th birthday I ordered by the grace of my edict to abolish the law of the yellow patch which the Jews had to wear on their clothes."

The applause and joyous shouting was heard at a distance, so that it reached even the ears of the blind Ephraim—who was once the victim of this immoral disgraceful law, now abolished. Ephraim, greatly rejoiced, started to say the usual blessing, which is said when one receives a joyous message: "Praised art thou O God, Lord of the world, whose benefaction is endless."

Ephraim greatly inspired because of the liberties granted to Jews, decided to go out into the street in order to share the celebration with the rest of the people. Accompanied by Ferenz, the son of his benefactor, who was dearer to him now than before, and by his daughter Meriam and grandchild he went into the street. Although he could not see the joyful actions of the happy mass of people, still he heard their shoutings of joy, and felt the pulses of the hearts of his brethern and his heart moved along in accord with them and he even called together with them:

"Long live Kaiser Joseph the Second, the benefactor of the people!"

Soon after this the young earl Hunyady was called to the royal court and received a high position there. He visited his old friend Ephraim as he did before, though he did not teach little Esther any longer, still he came there frequently, and was always welcomed. But he avoided to speak any more love suits to Meriam, though he would gladly sacrifice his position and rank, and remain a common painter, just for her sake, but as long as he knew that she would never

change her faith on account of him he did not do it. So did Meriam love him, too, but subdued it for she could not help it.

She also refused to let any other admirer court her, and lived only to support her father and little Esther.

The story of Meriam's audience and its consequences circulated all over the city, so that she had become well known and people over burdened her with work, so that she had to engage many other girls to help her. Her income increased every day more and more so that welfare and happiness ruled in the house of the blind Goldsmith.

A SOUL'S DESTINY

A Jewish soul, righteous and true
Gets never transformed and remains a Jew.

Pshemish is a city in Galicia and is fortified with a fortress, provided with military forces, headed by a Field Marshal, Commander-in-Chief, Generals and all lower officers.

A few miles from Pshemish lived a count, who was very wealthy and had an only daughter, who was his sole heir to all his fortune. When she reached, her maturity her father was anxious to find for her a suitable match, in the first place he should be of a titled family, secondly he should possess as much riches as he possessed.

There was a Major General in that fortress of Pshemish, who used to ride on horseback every morning and passed by the castle of the count and the young countess while looking through the window, she noticed the general, and observing his uniform, his figure, made a great impression upon her.

It was on a hot summer day the general was riding on his horse and he passed the castle. The countess was standing at the gate of her castle. The general saluted her and in a soft voice he spoke to her: "Oh excellent young lady, pardon my arrogance. May I ask a little favor? I am languishing, if I could only be served with a little water, I would be very grateful."

"With pleasure," replied the countess. In a few seconds she herself brought in a golden pitcher of fresh water. After pouring some in a silver cup, she reached it to him saying: "Sir, I am glad to serve you. Take it and refresh yourself."

"To whom do I have the pleasure, Madamselle?" asked the general.

"My father is Graf (Count) Lasansky and I am his daughter," replied the countess.

"I wish I could be a count, I would be able to count on something that would make me the happiest in this world," said the general.

"I, again, am intent to renounce my title, if I could only be able to reach what my heart desires," said the countess.

"It is much easier to descend than to ascend," replied the general.

"Your case is an easy matter, but mine——

"I think my case is more servere than yours, because I cannot act according to my aspiration, for there is one who dictates to me, and I must obey," remarked the countess.

Meanwhile a vehement storm interrupted their conversation and the general kissed the hand of the countess and said: "I am sorry that my sweetest moments of life are getting interrupted, but I hope to continue. If you give me permission to visit you, I shall be the happiest."

"My birthday is next Sunday, and I am making a party to which I invited a few friends, so you are cordially invited, hoping you will crown the table with your presence," said the countess.

The general jumped on his horse and saluted the countess and went his way to Pshemish.

On Sunday the countess was busying herself with entertaining the guests, one of the servants brought in a visiting card, reaching it to the countess; it was from the general. She hastened to open the door and welcome the general, introducing him to the guests, whereby her father took a glass of wine and reached it to the general saying, "Let us drink a glass upon the health of our beloved Kaiser Franzis Joseph."

Then the general exclaimed, "Long live the Kaiser Franzis Joseph."

The countess sitting opposite the general, was delighted at every remark he made and when the party was over he said to her, "Let us take a ride on horseback somewhere into the forest and from there to some village." She con-

sented and both sat on their horses and marched on the highway, passing through the forest and aiming towards some village, but the countess remarked, "Let us ride to the village which belongs to my father, there we have our castle and we will take a rest there."

There they had the best opportunity to pour out their love to each other and made their appointments for the next meeting to meet each other right at that castle, of course by great secrecy.

This rendezvous lasted for two years long, yet her father had not the slightest knowledge of it.

Now all joys were turned into sorrow, because mobilization of all the Austrian Army took place, for a war between Italy and Austria broke out and the general was transferred to the border and after the war he was transferred to Bosnien and Herzogwiu.

A few months after the countess took sick. The physician after diagnosing her sickness constituted that she is pregnant with a child and is in her fourth month of pregnancy.

The father subdued his anger and grief, would say nothing, but kept it in deep secrecy, so that even the nearest servant should not have any knowledge, for it would spoil all her career and shadow her future life. When the time of confinement came she gave birth to a male child.

Early in the morning the count took a walk in the street, meeting his tenant, Mr. Moses a jewish man. "Good morning excellence," greeted him Moses. "How is it that you are so early in the street, your face pale and in a mood of sadness, I never have seen you in such a state."

"Well Moses, I would have to speak to you about some very important matter, but assure me by oath that you will keep it a secret; you are a Jew and Jews in general have good ideas so you will be able to give me advise. My daughter gave birth to a male child unlawfully and would like to keep

it a secret, but how if the child is with her it is impossible," said the count.

"Oh excellence, do not worry I will fix it nicely, my wife gave brith to a child at the same night and you send her child to me and I will announce and make public that my wife gave birth to twins and I will bring the child up as my own and your daughter will remain a virgin."

"Very well, Moses to-night I'll send over the child and I will pay you ten thousand gulden for raising it, thanking you for your good advice and God may bless you."

The next day Moses announced in the village that his wife gave birth to twins, one boy and one girl and invited all jews to the celebration of circumcision which will take place on the eighth day.

The boy's name was given Abraham, prominent guests were at the celebration from Pshemish and from many other towns, also many great Rabbis took part.

Abraham was a handsome and wise boy and at the age of 3 years he was sent to cheder (private school) he was the best scholar in the class, so that at the age of 13 he celebrated his bar mitzwah (confirmation) and said in public and at the party a speech which he himself composed and showed his alacrity, his skill in hebraic lore and in oratory gift. His costume was long coat, short pants and wearing long locks (peas) long stockings according to the custom of the Jews in Galicia.

At the age of 18 Abraham received his diploma as a Rabbi, but his parents wanted him to be a merchant. His father, Moses got him a girl, daughter of a prominent family in Pshemish and gave him in marriage. After his wedding he established himself in the main street of Pshemish with a store keeping drygoods, silk and dresses. A year after his wedding he was blessed with a son, and Ezekiel Halberstamm, great Rabbi at Shinyawah was god Father.

Abraham occupied most of his time with studying the Talmud and Hebrew and his wife with clerks attended to the business.

The count Lazansky after Abraham was given to be raised by Moses, out of grief, fell into a distemper and in but a short time after departed his life and all his wealth was left to his only daughter.

The Countess leading a solitary life, having no ambition to be married, decided once for ever to become a nun and so she joined the sisters in a convent and was a most pious catholic woman. Being there a quarter of a century she had occasion to observe all kind of wickedness among those sisters. Unmorality, unchastity reigned there to the highest degree. One could see, days and nights, priests roaming in and out and around the convent and prostitution was an open secret and for this reason the countess got disgusted and started to hate that convent life. She regretted her coming there, but too late, because she got old and thereby afflicted with sickness so that she fell into consumption and could never be cured, she therefore made up her mind to look after her own flesh and blood, no matter whether he was brought up as a jew or gentile, if he is only living. All her fortune should be left to him. And so she dressed herself in civil dresses and hired a carriage and went to the villiage where she was born and there she stopped at the house of the jewish man Moses, who was intrusted with raising her child. Coming in she asked the owner whether he recognized her. But Moses at first did not know who she might be, but as she tried to give him signs of being the countess, he soon remembered her well and she said to him, "Moses, I wish to ask you, what happened to the child, is he living, was he brought up by you?" "Brought up?" Why he is a married man and is himself a father of children, he is financially well fixed, he keeps a store in Pshemish and is well known as an honest, righteous and pious jew," replied Moses. "Give me his address, if you don't mind it," said the countess. "With pleasure, he lives on that number in main street of Pshemish you will see his sign, by his name," replied Moses. The countess thanked him and left for Pshemish.

Coming to the town she stopped before the store of Abraham, went in and the Mrs. Abraham waited on her. The countess chose all kinds of goods and asked her for the bill. It amounted to a few hundred gulden but the countess wouldn't pay as much and wished to bargain it cheaper, for she was eager to see the husband so she said, "let your husband come, he will make it cheaper and so on. Mrs. Abraham went in to her husband telling him about the lady who bought goods for a few hundred gulden, yet she wouldn't pay the price according to the bill, he should go and finish the bargain. But Abraham was just occupied in a hard problem of the Talmud, he wouldn't leave it before he would be through. Again his wife reminding and admonishing him to go in, for it isn't an every day customer to buy so much goods at once. Upon which he said, "Let her go to hell, I am interested in my problem so don't bother me." And when she scolded him, he at last came out and made the bargain with the lady.

The countess observing him from head to feet, but mostly his features and soon convinced herself that he resembled the features of the Major General, Felix, as also to her features. She said nothing but placed a pocket book with 15 hundred gulden under the goods lying on the counter and she went her way. While Abraham put the goods upon the shelves he noticed a pocketbook, opening it, found 15 hundred gulden, and said to his wife, "oh! the lady must have forgotten it, let me run after her and if I overtake her, I will return it to her. He was unable to find her and came back and preserved it, that in case she will call and ask for it, he will return it, but she did not show up. A year passed by, the same lady came in again to Abraham's store, ordered for a few hundred gulden goods and again she hid a pocketbook under the goods lying on the counter and when she left and Abraham packed and put the goods on the shelves, found a pocketbook, opened it and found 2000 gulden and exclaimed, "Oh! that woman must be some bad and wicked woman, she

is trying to make me mischief, this is only a pretence some day I may be carried to the courts and declared as a thief and be sentenced to death."

Some years passed by, the Countess felt she will soon expire, made a will, leaving all her fortune to Abraham and in order that the will should be made stronger and more legal she spoke all the words of the will into a phonograph and remarked in the will that the authorities should open the room by a number in the castle, where they will find a phonograph, which will speak her own voice and verify all the words written in the will, that the will should be executed according to her will and she departed her life.

After her death the authorities and the court took charge over the castle and appointed a day for opening and investigating all documents and will.

And when the appointed day came, the authorities opened all documents finding the will, reading it through they found the contents of a queer nature, saying nothing because a will is a will.

The day for trial and execution of the will was set for a certain date, and Moses, Major General Felix and Abraham were summoned to appear on that date to the court of Pshemish in order to testify as witnesses of a certain case.

Of course all appeared, but Abraham lamented, crying and weeping, saying to his wife, "Now you see, I am summoned to the court, this is on account of that lady who left twice money, to accuse me as a thief, now they will lock me up, oh, I am lost! Woe to me! Now I will make supplication to God he should help me in my trials, oh that evil woman! Woe to me!"

At the trial, Moses testified the truth, the Major General testified the truth, for the Countess remarked it in her will that Moses and the General should be asked to testify and so they verified the will and when Abraham was called

to testify, he was asked by the president of the court, "What is your name?"

"My name is Abraham," replied he.

What is your father's and mother's name?" asked the President.

My fathers name is Moses and my mothers name is Yetty," replied Abraham. Did you ever hear a name Grafin (countess) Lazansky? asked the President. Never, replied he.

Have you ever heard of a name General Felix? asked the President.

No, never, said Abraham.

"Now my dear Mr. Abraham, I must tell you, that Moses and Yetty are not your parents, but Major General Felix and the countess Lazinsky are your parents," said the President.

"What? It seems to me that your honor is making fun, or was I called hither to be mocked at? What am I crazy or a fool," shouted Abraham. The President took the will into his hand, started to read it and when finished he said," "you see Abraham your mother the Countess left you a fortune of millions worth in estate and from this day on you may take possession of same, here take all documents together with the will and go rule over your fortune according to your own desire and I congratulate you to your great happiness," said the President.

Abraham was confused, he was not able to speak a word, went home thinking the matter over, he could not believe that he was born of none jewish people and thereby an unlawful child. He was unable to bear the disgrace and decided to talk the matter over with the wise and great Rabbi of Shinyavah. Coming there and asking the Rabbi whether it is possible that he should be an unlawful child and if so whether he is able to atone and be a pure member of the congregation of Israel. Upon which the Rabbi replied that

he shall only remain true to his religion so his soul will be purified and will be counted among the noblest jewish souls in this world as well as in the hereafter. This advise appeased Abraham and he took charge over all the estate left to him and devoted great sums of money to poor jewish families, to all charitable societies and remained a most honest, righteous, and pious jew till his death.

JOKAI MAURUS

Jokai was born in Komarom, Hungary, in 1825, and died in 1904. He was the greatest Hungarian novelist, playwright and poet.

At one time when he was member of Parliament antisemitism made itself palpable throughout the country and reached even the Parliament, upon which Jokai demonstrated his remarks in the Parliament saying: "I myself had been in my earliest youth a Jew-hater, because I was born with it, and when I was ten years of age I attended the Gymnasium, and at that very time, through an incident I changed my mind and had become a Phylosemite". So it was, as one day our Professor came in to our classroom accompanied by a man who wore a beard, and the Professor introduced him to us as our future schoolmate. All the children in the class looked at him amazingly, some with mocking looks, some with eager eyes to know who he was, and some who had sport about his beard, but I myself looked with disgust upon his face, for I did know that he was a Jew. I disliked to see him in my class, but could not help. Sometime after, he restrained from school for 3 days long. And on the fourth day when he came in the Professor asked him the reason why he was absent. He replied that his wife blessed him with a son, so he was prevented from coming. Upon this all the children laughed and hissed.

This man was the son-in-law of the chief Rabbi in Komarom. He was destined to succeed his father-in-law, but he did not like this profession, he made up his mind to become a physician, and while he was lacking high school education, he begged the Professor to let him attend the Gymnasium and he was granted. Of course his father-in-law and his wife did not agree, yet were they not able to prevent him. In his ambition and zeal he was very diligent so he was well liked by the Professor. His seat was next to me.

Solomon (for this was his name) was a polite, meek and humble man, yet I hated him, because he was a Jew. One day we had an argument about a problem, I asserted the affirmative and he the negative, yet I was sure that I was right, I stretched out my hand and gave him a punch in his face and called him a damned Jew, yet Solomon said nothing.

At twelve o'clock we went home for dinner, and while sitting at the table somebody was knocking at the door. My mother went to see who it is, and I heard it is Solomon. I soon crept under the bed to hide myself, for I feared to be beaten. Then I heard my mother saying: "You probably are coming to report the bad conduct of my Morris in school. What did he do?

"I am coming", said Solomon, "to beg you, you should not punish the little Morris, for he is a clever boy. As I left school for dinner, on the way I considered that problem about which I argued with Morris and found that he is perfectly right, in his assertions consequently he does not deserve to be punished." Not even to be admonished, but rather to be kissed for he is a smart boy."

I was still under the bed, listening to those words of that man. I said to myself, "Yes, he is nothing but an angel, and if Jews possess such noble feelings, I will never hate them but love them". And so from that day on I got more and more convinced of their integrity; of their sublime spirit, and of their character, so that I was proud to call myself their friend in every respect and in every mode of life. Therefore I beg all the members of Parliament they should not offend or accuse the Jewish race, for they are in general a glory to our country.

When Jokai was 19 years of age he introduced his first play which was called "The Jew Boy". He was one of those who enriched and enlarged the stock of knowledge and their language, and in category he ranked with Professor Armin Vambary, whose fame spread all over the habitable world; and with Ballagi, who was the father of a dictionary, like

Webster in America, and with Baron Otwash, who was dean of the Academy of art and science and Archeological aesthetic. Through his activities as a statesman he elevated that nation to the highest pinnacle among all civilized nations.

In 1868, Jokai was sitting at a table in the Cassino, drinking black coffee, chatting with his friends Professor Samuel Kahanyi (uncle of the writer of this story) Professor Kovesh (son-in-law of Kahanyi) and Professor Banozi. At first their conversation was politics, then religion. Upon which Jokai said: "Friends I acquired a good deal of education and knowledge, yet I regret not having the opportunity to learn the Hebraic and Talmudic lore, for only then my soul would be satisfied. You see, he continued, I am named after Moses (because Maurus or Moritz is in German Moses) the law giver, who was the greatest human spirit mankind ever possessed, and in this spirit he trained the Hebraic race, yea, even physically he nourished and brought them up by heavenly bread (called Mannah), and for this reason their offspring is imbued with that sublime wisdom of God's power to this day, whereas no gentile has ever penetrated. Let us consider the gentile people in general. They strive in this life to be scientific in order to invent constructions of works; it should help them gain the powers and beauties of nature so that it should enable them to enjoy this life more and more, but look at those prophets and sages of the Jewish race, they renounced all earthly treasures; they were striving to penetrate into the heavenly regions, to gain their delight in God himself, and paved their ways to gain their everlasting bliss even in the hereafter. And so did they transplant that noble spirit upon their offspring. Oh, I wish, I would have been born of that race! And if our God would mercy me and would let me at least become incorporated with this race no matter what means he may use to unite my body and soul with them, I would feel the happiest while here in this world, and especially in the future world."

When Jokai reached his 70th year he lost his wife. All his children were married, so he was left alone. Jokai, being acquainted with actors and actresses, soon fell in love with an actress by name Fekete, born in Budapest, of Jewish parents and was about 32 years of age. One day he said to her, Miss Fekete, I love you—I love your body, your soul and spirit; especially because you are an extraction of the Jewish race, so that it was my ardent desire and longing of old to become incorporated with that race in body and soul, and when I depart this life and will enter that long journey in regions above and should reach that spot where everlasting bliss is enjoyed by the people of your race, I may, if accompanied by you, be admitted to take part in their joys, therefore, do I wish you to become my consort and companion for life. Moreover if my faith should be an obstacle to our marriage I would even consent to be converted to Judaism, but you know the situation of antisemitism in this country, so my conversion would spoil the career of my children, let us therefor be married by civil law, and avoid all religious ceremonies."

Upon this, Miss Fekete exclaimed, "No obstacle shall be in our way, for I always admired your greatness, your knowledge, and now I admire your soul, and I love your soul and spirit, which are as youthful as in your prime of years; so let us wander throughout this life and throughout that everlasting life in the hereafter in love and gladness for ever and ever."

And so they were married and lived a happy life till his death.

Solomon, the son-in-law of the chief Rabbi in Komarom, when he finished the Gymnasium, he went to Berlin, entered the University, studied medicine until he received his diploma. Coming home to his wife and children, he established himself in an office in the same city, started to practice and in but a few weeks after, he took sick and died.

FINIS.

THE LITTLE CHAJIM AT THE MELAMED

It was on the first day of the half holidays of the feast of Tabernacle in the year 5635, as chajimel Neuberg, accompanied by his father were traveling to a village "Nyier" in the northern part of Hungary in order to attend the cheder (private school) of the well known Melomed R. Jakav Nyier. At that time was Nyier far apart from the commercial world, for there was no highway, no roads, so that horse and wagon should be able to pass without hardship and for this reason it was a great task to travel by wagon from Newburg to Patak four hours time from Patak to Takay with the train, four hours and from Takay to Nyier one had to be transferred by a stage coach.

Chajimle, also called Chajimele, was a small and slender boy of about eleven years of age, whom roguishness fllashed out of his lively eyes. His father, a strict religious man, desired him to become a Bochur (Talmud student) especially because he was the oldest one of the boys and on the other hand is a Hebrew student fit to be placed to any other position.

At parting from his parental house he was not worried much for he was sitting in a wagon at the side of his father. His mother holding him embraced with her hands, kissing him and weeping bitterly. But the coachman whipped the horses and the wagon started to move slowly toward the highway. It was just five o'clock in the morning and a vehement storm and rain accompanied them.

R. Zelig Neuberg kindled his pipe and little Chajim who was taken out of his bed at about three o'clock in the morning, was soon asleep again through the shaking and moving of the wagon, as he would be lulled in a cradle.

At seven o'clock in the morning the travelers arrived at a village where they stayed one hour. Meanwhile the travelers performed their morning prayer and shaked Lulof (palm branch) and after they were done they were served

with a warm breakfast and then they started on their travel accompanied by R. Shemuel Neuberg brother of R. Zelig who had to make some business in Patak.

R. Shmuel had to take his seat on the wagon right in the front and was compelled to sit half bent there because the cover of the wagon did not reach in full to be sheltered from the rain. Of course in this case was he mostly exposed to become wet.

"Shemuel," began: R. Zelig, "you have a new suit? (Tischadesh) you shall wear and tear it in good health."

"Thank you, thank you," replied Samuel.

"The suit is nice, but the stuff could be better," retorted R. Zelig, thereby he tried the quality of same by touching it with his fingers. "I am more practical in it than you," replied Shemuel. I purchase my suits in Rosenbergs in Patak; now for instance, this suit had cost me fifteen gulden and when I have used it one year, I buy a new one. You purchase your stuff in Wallachs in Viene, and you believe to bargain it cheap when you produce it at a cost of thirty gulden. But you do not wear it any way longer than two years and when worn one year it is not pretty any more. So then for the same amount I am wearing my suits always stylish."

At nine o'clock in the morning the travelers arrived in Patak. The first to jump down from the wagon was Shemuel; he straightened himself up and was glad to stand upon his feet once again. Then he bent himself down in order to fix his pants which were pulled over his boots and tried to pull them down. But oh, weh the pants did not move from the spot for the stuff was shrunk together on account of wetness and sox and drawers were laid open. Shemuel looked like a warrior without a coursey woolen cloth.

Little Chajim laughed at him heartly and so did Zelig laugh so that it caused tears rolling down from his eyes.

"Do you see, Shemuel, what your mezieth (bargains) are", spoke R. Zelig to his brother. Now in such time there

was good advise very dear for in such cloth Shemuel could not go into the city and even in a hotel he was ashamed to go, so there was no other advise for him than to sit in the wagon, which was placed in the barn and wait until another pair of pants would be brought for him from the store of Mr. Rosenberg. In a short time after a new pair of pants was brought by a clerk who had trouble enough to pull off the spoiled, wet pants from Shemuel's legs.

Twelve o'clock at noon they continued their travel on the train so that at five o'clock in the afternoon father and son arrived in Takay. From there they took the stage coach and in two hours they arrived in Nyier. There they were the guest of a relative called R. Shaje Seldis.

After they have taken their meals Chajim was sent to bed but began to sob bitterly as he found himself in the room all alone and was only quiet when his father joined him in bed.

On the next day they went to the Melamed (teacher) R. Jakaw Nyier. R. Jakaw lived in a large house in the rear of the yard. The kindly old woman, wife of the malamed, called "Babe" (grandmother) stood at the door when the strangers called on her inquiring where R. Jakaw lives. She politely replied that he lived there but he is away on his errand for some business transaction, but they may meet him at the stage coach station, if he did not set out already. So then both father and son went to the station of the stage coach. Coming there they went in the waiting room where they met R. Jakaw and no other passengers.

R. Zelig stepped toward the old gentleman while Chajim remained standing at the door and considering his future teacher.

R. Jakaw, a lean tall man with a long white beard and with long peos over his temples, has been sitting on a chair, holding in his right hand a long smoking pipe and in his left hand holding his long beard. His head was covered with

a black fur cap under which one could see a black, dirty little cap peeping. He wore an overcoat over which another light coat he had on and was tightly bound with a string; around his neck was a red and blue shawl in order to be protected from cold. His bright, gray eyes and his broadly white forehead could only represent his reverence and regarded him as some kind of an authority, so that Chajim in spite of the funny cloth he did not dare to laugh loudly and smiled to himself imperceived of any one.

"Are you R. Jakaw?" asked him Mr. Neuburg.

"Who else shall I be", replied the other.

"But you are not of this place! Thus Sholem alechem (peace with you) thereby Mr. Neuburg reached him his hand.

"I am from Neuburg," began Mr. Neuburg; our Rabbi R. Benjamin Wolff sends me to you with my son who shall learn by you."

"How, is this the boy"? asked the melamed.

Chajim stepped near bashfully, R. Jakaw mustered the little boy from head to foot, whereby his forehead folded wrinkles and the result of his mustering was: "Does he not wear Peos, the Shegez? (locks along the forehead; that worthless)".

R. Zelig tried to excuse it so that it is the custom of their place not to wear forehead locks. But R. Jakaw replied in short, "by me he must wear Peos;" whereby R. Zelig agreed especially if this is a thing which belongs to the (condit o sine qwa non) and builds the position of the Bochur (Talmud student).

Chajim began to weep. His father was of the opinion that the cause of his tears were because he was worrying that he has no Peos (locks) said to him, "Do not weep my child, for within two weeks you will have peos."

The salary was fixed eight gulden per month and one gulden for the german teacher who came there to teach the normal classes, else his cheder (private school) would

be considered as a private normal school and would be closed by order of the court.

The Shiur (talmud course) begins on Isruchag (the day after the holidays) said R. Jakaw and I in my capacity as a Shadchen (mediator of couples to marrige) am going today to Budapest in order to mediate a couple and shall return not sooner than after the holidays." Therewith was the conversation closed and father and son were favorably released.

The rest of the day they devoted with Chajims installation at his boarding folks Joseph Melech with his wife Edel and the conference with his mentor in profane education.

Joseph Melech was an elderly man with a blond and very gray beard who kept a little grocery store connected with a retail trade of Shnaps. Mr. Melech was a very pious and honest man, a habituated snuffer and smoker and thereby a lottery brother of the worst kind. This man spent the greater part of the day in praying, saying Thilim (Psalter). This man though tall and strong yet he was timid, fearful. Every evening before going to bed he kissed the mezusa (scripture in a little case on the door post) seven times and looked in every corner in the house whether there was no thief and sometimes after he read the Shema (prayer before going to bed) he even crept under the beds.

Edel his beloved wife, a cousin of Chajim's grandfather was a little, very short-seeing woman, who usually pressed her eyes together in order to be able to see better; her nose was long and pointed and her tongue still more pointed. Their only son learned in the jeshiba (talmud High School) in Halash. Aklba Glazer, called Minkus or Binkus, who ought to instruct Chajim in the normal classes was a humpbacked and somewhat hard of hearing, but highly educated. By him was the examination somewhat harder than by R. Jakaw; still Chajim passed both of them with honor. Now were all plans for the purchase of books and the regular

hour for teachings advised and the instruction ought to begin after the holidays.

On the third day of Chalhamoed (half holidays) R. Zelig Neuburg departed Chajim wept bitterly, so that it could move even a stone. But also his father's eyes were not dry, still the hopes that Chajim should become a Ben Torah (a well learned in Talmud) whereby only the well known Melamed (teacher) R. Jakaw ought to lay the foundation stone, he subdued his pains in his heart and left his first born son with the Melamed.

The homesickness of Chajim lasted until the last holidays were over, his boarding folks were hardly able to appease the little boy during these two days, and only on the first day when cheder (school) began, his longing for home ceased because he was among the children.

There were about thirty scholars, among whom four grandchildren of R. Jakaw who were the most unruly, so that even in the Judengasse (street inhabited by Jews, Goeto) of Neuburg was not to be found a comparison to them. These four, called Mordchele the younger one and the older one Flamfeder and Davidle they lived with their grandfather.

The name of the oldest of the other twenty six was Salmon Terkl that is Turk; was a tall boy with red cheeks with blond long locks hanging down on his temples and was nicknamed Ohnos, because of his snubnose thus ohn-nose-means without a nose.

Yea, the proverb (nomen ost omen) was realized in the cheder of R. Jakaw for every pupil was called by some kind of a nickname which had its origin of some source.

Hershele Parch, a pale boy, was called by this name, because of his scald head, Mandele Rotzer, because of his dirty nose; Shmule Rettich because he liked to eat much rettich (raddish). Yankele Krumkopf, because his head was always bent crooked, and Borock Pipezer, because of his piping voice.

The cheder (school) a large undealed floor with sooty walls which received its light through two little windows from the yard. In order to be able to enter the place one had to pass first through the kitchen yet most of the scholars did not care to pass through the kitchen but jumped in and out through the window for the scholars of the talmud class were more diligent then as were the others so they would not wait as long until the rail or bolt would be pushed on to open the door.

The equipment of the cheder was very primitive. At the lower square wall stood two beds for the grandchildren of the Melamed (teacher). At the right and left side of the length of the walls stood long tables. At the front end of the right side standing tables stood an arm-chair plated with straw, this was the teachers chair. The benches of both sides were not constructed of boards, but on each corner was placed one chair and a long board placed on it so that some time it was pushed to the ground on one side and turned all the scholars upside down which caused a shouting among them and sometimes when the benches were on one side higher because of the smaller scholars they fixed it with piling up bricks under the benches.

At ten o'clock in the morning R. Jakaw appeared in the cheder, for till this hour he was in his private room, which was separated from the school-room through the kitchen. He was enveloped in his dressing gown and a fur cap on his head. In one hand he carried the pipe and matches, in the other hand the tobacco bag and a brown earthen pot in which he preserved the remaining part of consumed tobacco of the pipe, which he then sold to the woodchopper or some laborer a little as much as one could hold between his finger for one Kreuzer.

"Good morning Robbie (teacher) the scholars shouted in a chorus. "Be choked," sounded the laconic answer of the teacher. The Rabbi stepped slowly to his seat, placing the smoking requisits upon the table and sat down in his

chair. Then he cast his looks upon Chajim and called out," Where is the Odenburger, the Presburger, the Neuburger Shegez (unworthy) without peos (locks)" Chajim came near to the seat of the teacher. "What is thy name?" "Chajim", replied he in a low tone. "Well, Chajim I will tell you this, if you will learn, is all right, if not, shall thy tate (father) count upon an orach (guest) for Shabes (Sabbath) and cause your mother to make a large Kugel (cake)." Chajim began to weep. "Tipish (dunce) why do you weep? You are not going away yet." R. Jakaw appeased the sobbing scholar. Then he gave him his task for Chajim remarked that he is not able to read the talmud, much less to understand it. Upon this R. Jakaw said, "Well, I know it, but Noah will help you."

The method of instruction of this man consisted therein that the elder scholars helped along the younger ones until they, after two years practicing were able to attend the lectures of the Rabbis without help. At half past ten R. Jakaw kindled his pipe, this was a sign that the instruction of the Talmud will begin. Before the instruction of the Talmud a chapter of the Pentatench with Rashi (a comamtary of the bible) was learned. One of the younger scholars translated a verse, an older one again interpreted the Rashi; the melamed gave his opinion in the same. But if some sentence in Rashi contained a display of grammar, this was omitted for such study belongs to apekorsim (atheist), also Chajim had to translate a verse, but the high german language which Chajim used was a thorn in the eyes of the melamed and as he translated the word "Naar" with "Burshe"—boy, R. Jakaw began, "Purshen—Purshen, Naar is a young —a youth, and thereby he became wild and closed the book. The translation of the melamed was generally peculiar, it was more jargon interpretation than as it was translation. As for instance he translated (Wajivez Esau es Habchora) gen. 25-34.) Esau dispised the birthright—Esau has been mewazeh the bechorah. Once Chajim translated "Lech

red-go down. "red-go lower," R. Jakaw corrected him; but Chajim understood him to say red-nieder (low) speak low, so he spoke low, "Lech red-go down-red hoch (loud)" called R. Jakaw, "but red-nieder-low." Chajim then said loud and perceivable, "lech red, go down," R. Jakaw got angry and threw the bible upon his head saying "Chamer (ass) does lech red mean step high? Lech means step, and red means low, but do not speak too loud and not too low.

At half past eleven R. Jakaw used to leave for a while and till he returned the scholars fixed the clock on the wall with one half an hour forwards and when he came in the scholars called "Rabbi the bell of the clock will soon ring twelve." Upon this R. Jakaw replied, "The twelfth shlag (unexpected misfortune) shall meet you on the way, break your neck and feet and go." With this the pupils were released and like a wild hord they jumped out. Some through the door, some through the window and only a few boys of good character, among them also Chajim were waiting until the swarm left and so forsook quietly the cheder.

At one o'clock in the afternoon came the german teacher, B. B. B. Binkus. His real name was Minkus, but because he had the habit to speak through his nose, so that one could perceive his expression B instead of M and thereby stutter and for this reason they called him Binkus.

Minkus a little weakly fellow with a long brownish beard, was one of those who jumped from his cowl, being formerly a Bochur (Talmud student) and with a very incomplete education but a pretty handwriting. Because he was not able to acquire much hebrew education and thereby did also nature grant him bodily development only like a stepmother, so he was not able to get a consort for himself, inspite of that he was at that time thirty years old and as for a Bochur (Talmud student) this was a high age.

The instruction consisted in penmanship and counting, yet Minkus was not able to do counting higher than multiplication. He was not able to master much the orthography

nor phonetic sound, he had especially his own explanation for words, as for instance he wrote instead "brilliant—brullant," because its root is brullen; Lehrer-teacher, leerer-from leer-empty, derived same from himself. Minkus himself served the pupils a target of mockery and there were many of them who imitated him in the stuttering and the sniveling.

At two o'clock in the afternoon R. Jakaw took his sleep and after this he appeared in the cheder (school) in order to help along and correct and prove his pupils, which lasted half an hour and then he started his Minchaprayer (afternoon prayers) and during this performance the school children were jumping around in the yard and so they tarried there until the evening prayer.

The performance of the evening prayer took place in the cheder, then the instruction began by the lights of candles. Every scholar had to bring with himself such a candle and placed same before his book.

Chajim progressed and stood in great favor with R. Jakaw. Only once he was scolded, as R. Jakaw had his habit to put the burned tobacco upon the table, which he again put in his pipe in order that it may burn quickly but Chajim threw it down to the ground. "Chamer (ass) said R. Jakaw. "Don't you know that burned tobacco is easier to smoke? One must be economical, I must save matches."

Meanwhile Chanuka, feast of dedication came near. Eight days before this feast Chajim was called in to R. Jakaw into his private room saying to him, "Write to your father that next week is Chanuka."

"My father will know this himself," replied Chajim.

"Yes, but I must know, too, that he knows it. Only write and go," answered R. Jakaw. With this Chajim was released.

As he again came among the children and related to them the peculiar conversation of the Melamed, no one gave him the explanation that R. Jakaw's wish is to get twenty-five cigars as a Chanuka present, they kept it rather as a

precaution not to reveal to Chajim in order that R. Jakaw shall worry and scold as much as possible. Chajim came to Cheder on the first day of Chanuka without bringing any present, the others brought their presents and usually left it in the private room.

At ten o'clock R. Jakaw came to Cheder.

"Chajim where are the cigars?" he asked.

"Which, what kind of cigars?" Chajim asked.

"What kind of cigars? the blue one, the green one, the Chanuka cigars? Shneid dir achzig thaus—and Kries (cut in one of the garments is a sign of mourning after parents—cut yourself eighty thousand times) commit suicide, break your hands and feet and write to your father that it is a custom by me, every scholar has to send or bring me twenty-five cigars as a Chanuka present."

After this demand which was distinctly put on Chajim, R. Jakaw received his 25 cigars before the feast of lights elapsed. In spite of the richly gifts he received, the Shaboth Chanuka had a bitter taste of something extraneous to the things itself, for the Mrs. of R. Jakaw the Babe (grandmother) baked for Shabes Chanuka cheesecake and Mendele Rotzer played her a sad trick. Already for this reason because on Friday when she was busy in the kitchen and the unruly children went in and out she scolded, saying, "Oh you unruly children," turning to her husband and said, "your mamzerin (bastards) (your miseraplebs) they are here again," but R. Jakaw knew it by experience that his wife liked to scold, but she didn't mean it so hard for she liked to see in the kitchen the scholars around her in order that they help her doing some work there and for this reason did not mind it much and did not prohibit them to be in the kitchen.

After a while the calling of R. Jakaw was heard, "Break your neck out of the kitchen," "well the babe called us," it sounded back in a chorus.

"Well, shnid euch a krie mit ihr zusammern(cut yourselves in your garments together with her)" R. Jakaw

in order to honor the ShaBees Chanuka the cheesecakes must be made luxuriously. The babe mixed the cheese with eggs, sugar, butter and raisins mixing and beating same, so long till it had become a sweet plumy mass. But during the time until she brought out the dough from the room, where it was placed on the oven in order to ferment, Mendle Rotzer took a handful of salt and a handful of clay which he carried in his pocket several days just for that purpose and strew it into the cheese and mixed it throughly with the dough.

R. Jakaw instead of going to the temple, he performed his prayers at home with a minjen (ten male persons) especially on Saturday they performed Shacharis (morning prayers) and Musaf (noon prayer) together and those scholars who lived near there they all came there except those who lived far they went to other temples. After breakfast all came to R. Jakaw to greet him and say, "Good Shabath." And so it was on the same Shabath after R. Jakaw was done with the prayer he went into the next room where on the table was a dish with cheesecakes and on his plate were two breads, he washed his hands and cut one of the breads, ate a morsel of same, took the shnaps bottle and made Kidush (blessing over the shnaps) saying lechaim (to live long) to every one in the room, then he seized the cakes. Meanwhile the scholars gathered themselves together, greeting him, "Good Shabath Rabbi, Good Shabath. Good yohr (year) he replied and holding the cheesecake in his hand and started to bite in one of them, but scarcely had he consumed the first bit of it he started to spit into the face of the old woman, saying, "pfuy-pfuy-pfuy, pitz a kaporo sollst du weren (be a victim and die) a miese meshuna sollst du einnehmen (sudden death shall come upon you) Du Chazir (you swine) was for fressen is das (what kind of food is this?)"

R. Jakaw started to feel bad, so that he took the bottle with shnaps and swallowed a great deal of it in order to prevent vomiting.

The old woman feeling insulted, shouted at him, "What for a lat is of dir?' (what is the trouble) Bist du meshuga, metorof? (are you crazy or confused?) I have put in them all what is only good and dear and he spits it out."

So then she took one of those cheesecakes and ate, but indeed it tasted bad. "Now this is but the work of your mamzerim (bastards)" she said. R. Jakaw made an investigation about the matter but no one would admit though Mendele Rotzer told them all his tricks, still they would not reveal this secret.

Now the joys of the Shabeschanuka were distroyed for R. Jakaw. Also the good humor of the old woman, the Babe, vanished and now if it would not have been for the sake of Shabeth Chanuka she would not go a step out of the house, but because on this Shaboth they read aloud in the temple out of two Sephorim (scroll books) she felt it a duty to go and began to dress herself and make toilette.

This Chanuka was especially a great amusement for the scholars on account of Mendele Rotzer's tricks.

Meanwhile the babe made toilette, the boys had to leave the room and outside they planned to play another trick to the old woman. It just happened that Chajim had in his hand an advertising circular of a menagerie. This circular they determined to pin on the shawl of the old woman and Mendel Rotzer was chosen to do this.

As the Babe was done with putting on her black silk hood, she called in to the children, "Come In" then she took her long heavy shawl and put it around her shoulders, whereby the scholars helped her. The Shawl was pinned in front with a breast pin, this was done by Chajim and as Chajim could not reach her neck she had to sit down on a chair. To this service Chajim needed more time as usually, wherefore the Babe got angry, but he excused himself, because he is not skilled enough saying," I do not know why my hands are so cold to-day, they are altogether stiff."

Meanwhile had Mendele Rotzer gained much time to fasten the circular on the Babe's shawl on her back. The old woman put her hands in the muff and went to the synagogue accompanied by a great many of those scholars. While she was walking along and behind her the boys, whom other boys also joined, she arrived to the Judengasse and there the unruly children started to laugh and mock at her.

Indeed the old woman seemed to like one who wishes to make puffing for a menagerie. But she herself did not notice anything until she entered the Synagogue. There the ladies looked at her, they burst into a fit of laughter and only one woman who pittied her came to her and took off this circular from her shawl. Now she knew why those children made such noise.

As she came home, she told her husband all what happened to her and showed him also the corpus delecty, but the old man shaked himself for laughing. Of course much less about the trick of his scholars, but much more out of vengence about the spoiled cheesecakes, which she prepared for the Shabath.

The next day the babe scolded all the scholars, but R. Jakaw did not mind it much and went to his daily work.

After Chanuka was over it began to snow and at this occasion the scholars had their fun again.

It was a severe winter and in the Judengasse the women had their stands in every corner selling frozen apples. Frozen apples a delight. The apples were hard like stone, cold like ice and one had to suck and leak until one was able to bite off a piece of same, which afterwards melted on the tongue like a piece of ice cream. Frozen apples were most delicious, a dainty for those scholars. They could get three or four pieces for one Krenzer.

Those children who were better supplied with money bought those apples as a dainty bit and served them also as a refreshment against the fierce heat and evil savor which has been in that Cheder.

Chajim had three Krenzer pocket money every day, of which he spent in the morning two cents and in the afternoon one cent. The best he loved to eat was raisins and almonds. But in winter he loved to buy frozen apples, too, and divided them usually with those scholars who were without means.

The little Simon Flomfeder, a weakly boy with a dirty nose but prudent was his intimate friend and of what Chajim divided, Simon had always the greatest portion. Simon was of poor parentage and had never a cent in his pocket.

And so it came to pass that on one cold winter afternoon, that on account of the heat in the Cheder the throats of the boys were dry, fainting for thirst, but none of them possessed a cent, so that they would buy an apple.

Simon sat on the bench, thinking over the matter, what shall be done. At four o'clock in the afternoon when they were to have free hours he said, "Boys, come, we will buy apples." But the boys looked at him with mocking faces, for they knew well that he had no money not even one cent.

Again he shouted," Boys come to buy apples and if I should not create for you apples you shall beat me on my behind as much as you wish to." This beating was a custom as punishment in the Talmud School. Every new Scholar was beaten, he was streched out on the table, every one separate gave one strike with his hand on his behind.

The strikes were counted by the a b c and not more than twice was allowed to repeat the a b c, but one could redeem himself from those strikes for a few cents which they have then spent. Also every traitor had to endure such strikes.

At last all scholars followed Simon with the intention that they will soon have a victim on whom to practice the strikes, for, that Simon should be able to create apples, they did not dream.

And so Simon led them till the corner of the gate of the Judengasse, there was sitting an old woman enveloped in her shawl and warming her hands and feet on a pot with glowing wooden coal. She sat at a little wooden table on

which the frozen apples were heaped up in parts, four apples in one heap, such heap had cost one Kreuzer.

Simon stepped near to the table lifting up soon one heap, soon another, on every one he had to find some fault. One heap was worm eaten, another was rotten and so for a time he made his tricks, at last he said. "She shall give him six apples for one cent. And as the woman did not want to consent to his proposition he turned over the table, so that the apples got scattered on the ground and ran away, and the woman after him; of course, were his legs swifter then those of the woman so that she was not able to overtake him and while running he turned with his face to the scholars calling to them "take! take!" This of course was a sign given to them, they shall take these apples which were on the ground and they all had filled their pockets. Simon turned to the pursuing woman saying. "You fool, why do you pursue me, don't you see them there, how they fill their pockets full with your apples!" Now the woman again turned and ran back and pursued the thieves there. Meanwhile Simon returned to the stand and filled his pocket with apples.

The woman looking back, she saw again how Simon is filling his pockets with apples, she hastened back in order to catch Simon, but of no avail. The others escaped with their booty unharmed and so did Simon.

As the scholars, who were chewing the apples again were assembled in the Cheder, Simon said to them, "Now did I say a lie?" This is not a great art to buy apples for money but to get without any money. Thereby were his eyes watered for joy.

But the apple robbery had its later event, for the woman had inquired who those children are and found that these are the scholars of R. Jakaw and on the next day she came into the cheder and related to R. Jakaw all what happened and as she pointed upon Simon that he was the leader, R. Jakaw's anger was kindled to an extent unlimited. He then returned all the loss she bore through those unruly

children and he took them off from their pocket money which they use to get from the teacher.

From this day on the children never dared to go near to the way where the woman kept her stand.

Meanwhile the purim feast drew near and the scholars prepared their play which is called "Purimspiel" and at the time of the feast they were very successful so that they were praised by all the Jews in town.

A few days after Purim, R. Jakaw took sick and in a few days after he departed his soul and expired.

All the scholars, all people from near and far accompanied him to his grave. Many great Rabbies spoke their eulogies and pointed to his great scholarship especially on Talmud so that his name remained a long rememberance to those who knew him in his life and an everlasting monument to his relatives and scholars in general.

And so we were able to display and discribe the wise and manner of the Cheder of old, whereby we tried to make immortal the name of this worthy melamed.

LOVE

Love is the golden gate,
It's doors are open to consecrate,
Life's passage of any faith,
A lasting union to elaborate.

Love means me and thee
Brotherly love is the key,
Which opens eyes well to see
That faith and law should agree.

No more idol idolized
But in love immortalized;
In love's worship, not disguised
You find bliss, never dispised.

Israel's motto: love thy God
With wealth, soul and thy heart;
Jews as Christians do regard
Love thy neighbors with soul and heart.

Love will be Mesias work
Who was hatched in city New York
Through love he will open the golden gate
And lead to Zion those of his faith.

SUPPLEMENT

The story "Reward for Benefaction" may be a moral lesson to mankind in general, for it teaches that not only the benefactor is rewarded, but also the rewarder himself is repaid; consequently, all good deeds in life, all good accomplishments are compensated by the one who is watching our steps, and is repaying all actions, goodness and evil in one measure.

The story, "Soul's Destiny" teaches that those who believe in immortality of the soul, may also believe that the soul is coming back into this world, and is placed through love's magnetism into any human being's body, and when here it turns to its first origin of faith.

The story of "Jokai" may be a lesson to pastors of all denominations; they should give up arguing, and turn their eyes to the law of Moses, who was the father of all religions. Let them combine, work out, one religion for all mankind.

History teaches us; some 50 years B. C. an Ethiopian queen, Helene, together with her son, Isates, renounced their dignity, gave up their throne and embraced the Jewish faith, out of pure love to that true and sublime religion. They moved to Jerusalem and lived there until their death. One can see their graves to this day.

History teaches us that Aquilas, the Proselyte, translated the entire Bible in Greek. It is claimed that he was related to Hadrian the Roman Emperor. He lived on the island, Pontus and owned a great deal of land. He occupied himself with research in theology, and as he was unable to satisfy the cravings of his soul with idolatry, he became a Christian.

The Christians rejoiced greatly at this succession to their ranks, but their joy was short-lived, for Christianity also failed to soothe his restless spirit, and he therefore, became a convert to Judaism, and led a more vigorously, pious life than many of the sages. When his idolatrous father

died, he left, among other things, golden gods. His brothers took them and wanted to buy his share of the gods by giving him other articles of value, but he would not make any use of that which they paid him for his portion, and threw it into the sea.

Tradition tells us that before Acquilas became a convert, he sought the advice of Hadrian as to what business he should occupy himself in. Hadrian told him that if he would travel through different lands and find some valuable things that this world did not understand and despised, he should buy them. Immediately after, he accepted the Jewish faith. When Hadrian became aware of his action, he send soldiers to bring him to his palace; but Acquilas so convinced them of the truth of Judaism that they all became converts. Hadrian sent another regiment and commanded them they should not exchange one word with him. They captured him and conducted him to the King. When he left his house, he put his hand on the Mezuza (the prayer fastened on the doorpost) and began to laugh. The soldiers asked why he laughed, and he replied, "See the difference between a mortal king and my mortal king. A mortal king sits in his palace and his army guards him on the outside. But with God, it is different. His subjects sit inside, and he stands by the door and guards them from all evil."

This lead to a discussion and he again proved the truth of Judaism, and they, too, became converts.

Hadrian did not dare send any more soldiers but sent a message requesting him to appear before Hadrian, who asked, "What is the reason that you bound yourself to such an unfortunate nation which is despised and scorned by all?"

Acquilas replied, "I did as you advised. Did you not tell me that if I find something of great value that is despised by all I should purchase it? The Jewish learning is the most valuable thing in the world, and the other nations disregard it; but the time will come when all nations will recognize the pure spirit contained therein."

There was an old custom among the Jews of Palastine, which was inaugurated during Ezra's time, that the readings of the scrolls should not only be done in the holy language, but in the language of the masses, so that all should comprehend the significance of the Torah. At first the common tongue was Aramic, but later the Jews spoke Greek and used the Septuagint in the Synagogue to translate the Bible from Hebrew to Greek. But gradually many errors crept into the Septuagint. The Christians were in the main responsible for these errors, having made them to prove their dogmas, and the Jews found it essential to have a new translation, and this gigantic work was successfully carried out by Aquilas, the Proselyte. He submitted his translation to the learned Jews of that period, and they were highly pleased with it. Later some one used this Greek translation to retranslate the Bible into Aramic; that translation is called "Targum Onkelos" which we now have.

Let religions be amalgamated,
  Fundamentals perpetuated!
Let Moses's laws be a guide,
  By its fundamentals do abide!
Let from Zion the law go out,
  Let from Jerusalem God's word sprout!

LBJc24

Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process.
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide
Treatment Date: Sept. 2009

PreservationTechnologies
A WORLD LEADER IN COLLECTIONS PRESERVATION
111 Thomson Park Drive
Cranberry Township, PA 16066
(724) 779-2111

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 018 602 581 7